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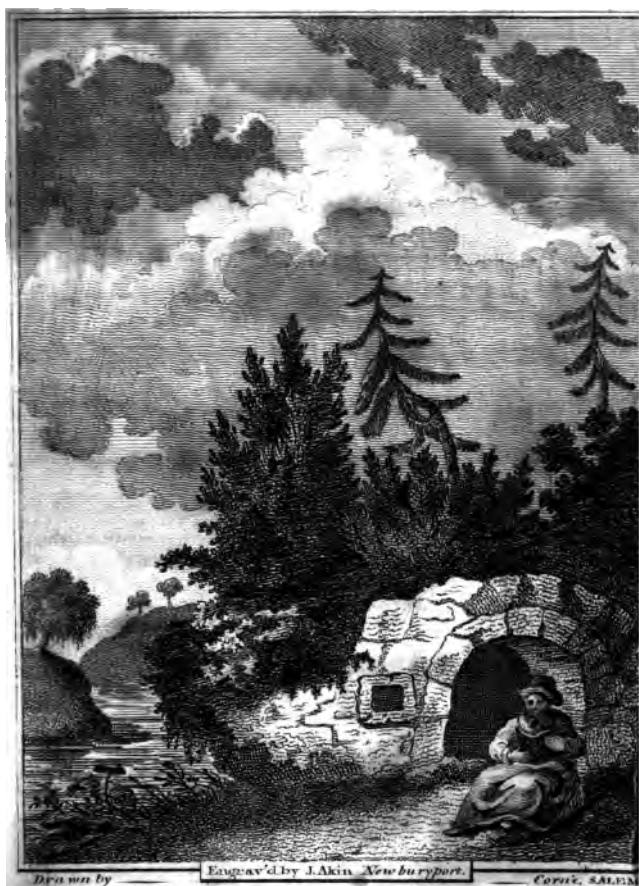
1875

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POWER OF SUGGESTION.



And muse with truth in Wisdom's sacred cell.

Published by MACANULTY, SALEM.

THE
POWER
OF
SOLITUDE.

A
P O E M.

IN TWO PARTS.

—*—
BY JOSEPH STORY.
—*—

There let the classic page thy fancy lead,
Thro rural scenes ; such as the Mantuan swain
Paints in the matchless harmony of song ;
Or catch thyself the landscape gliding swift
Athwart Imagination's vivid eye ;
Or by the vocal woods and waters lulled
And lost in lonely musing, in the dream
Confused of careless SOLITUDE, where mix
Ten thousand wandering images of things,
Sooth every gust of passion into peace :
All but the swellings of the softened heart,
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

THOMSON.

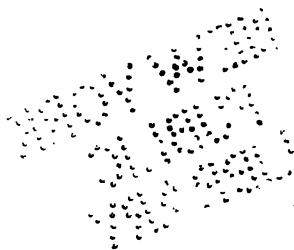
—*—
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SALEM:

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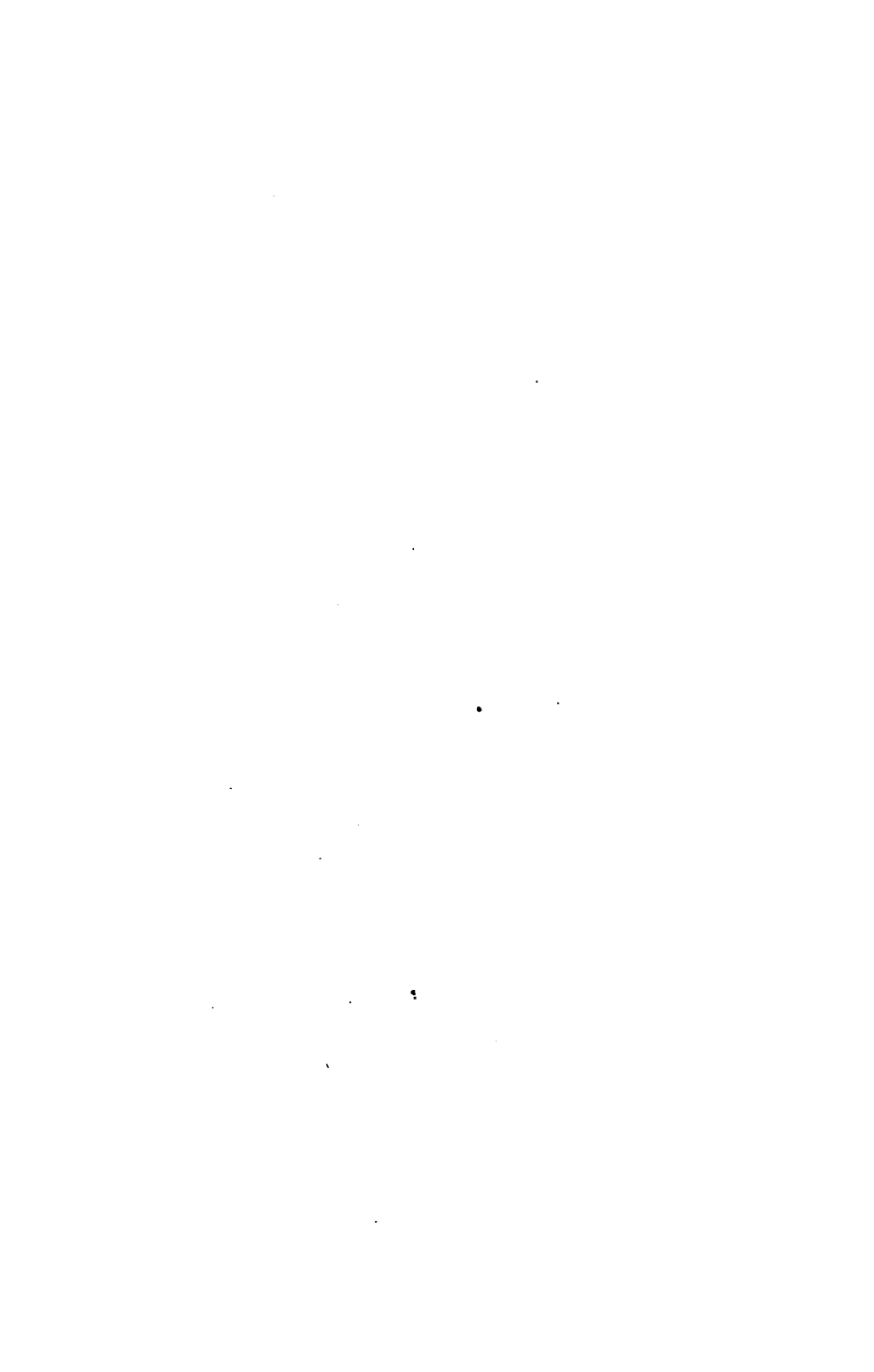
DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT:

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the eighth day of October, in the eighteen hundred and fourth year of our Lord, and in the twenty ninth year of the Independence of the United States of America, BARNARD B. MACANULTY of the said district, hath deposited in this Office, the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, to wit :
“ **THE POWER OF SOLITUDE. A Poem. In Two Parts. By JOSEPH STORY.**”

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, intituled, “ An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned ;” and also to an Act intituled, “ An Act supplementary to an Act, intituled, An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned ; and extending the benefits thereof to the Arts of Designing, Engraving, and Etching historical, and other Prints.

N. GOODALE, *Clerk of the District
of Massachusetts.*

A true Copy,
Attest, N. GOODALE, *Clerk.*



PROEM.

THE design of the following poem is less to exhibit descriptions of rural life and local scenery, than to mark the influence of Solitude upon the passions and faculties of mankind. The nature of such a subject admits not that regularity of developement, and unity of delineation, which peculiarly constitute the beauty of composition. In the two leading divisions, the author has adopted the method of ZIMMERMAN, as natural, correct, and comprehensive. He is duly sensible, that his work is an irregular fabric ; and that digressions form a considerable part of it. These were adopted partly with a design to give variety to a didactic outline, and partly from a belief, that truth is never more forcibly im-

pressed, than when it appears in the substantial forms of historic truth, or the sportive fablings of mythology. Wherever distinct imitation has been detected, appropriate credit has been given. Probably much has escaped notice, as similarity of thought and expression on a subject, which has incidentally claimed attention from most poetic writers, is unavoidable from incorrectness of memory, as well as congeniality of sentiment. No small share of sagacity is required in marking the minute shades of imitation, and determining, when the thought is the suggestion of our own mind, and when derived from extraneous sources. Some of the allusions in the poem, are borrowed from other compositions, but only when their features admitted refinement, or required new colorings to fix the outlines of analogy. In fine, it was the desire of the author to avoid equally the sterility of dry and monitory reflections, and the tedious dazzling of superfluous decoration. How

far he has succeeded, the public must determine. He shall not be ashamed to fail, where many cannot expect excellence.

This volume professes to be a second edition of a poem, composed and published before the termination of the author's fifth lustrum. But as not much more, than one third part of the original, remains in this edition, and as that is greatly altered in dress and application by incorporation with the new matter, the whole may be justly considered a new work in plan, in ornament, and in disposition.

SALEM, OCTOBER 18, 1802.



The miscellaneous poems now added, are, for the most part, the productions of distant years. Many of them are occasional tributes to deceased merit. The

solicitations of friendship have effected their publication, and they are cheerfully resigned to the same fate, which awaits the principal poem. But justice requires me to state, that a few of them are not my own composition.

THE
POWER
OF
SOLITUDE.

—♦—
PART FIRST
—♦—

So oft the finer movements of the soul,
That shun the sphere of pleasure's gay control,
In the still shades of calm SECLUSION rise,
And breathe their sweet, seraphic harmonies.

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

—♦—
ON THE HEART.
—♦—

ANALYSIS OF THE FIRST PART.

THE poem opens with a description of the pleasures of Solitude, and final cause of them is resolved into the laws of association and sympathy. Hence is derived the love of classic ruins, and of the retreats of departed ius ; hence also the love of sublime, picturesque, and beautiful, scenery—these associated influences are exemplified in various historic allusion descriptive pictures—The inefficacy of social scenes to afford consolation to the heart in the unfortunate incidents of life, in disease, despair, disappointment, and sorrow ; and the corresponding benign influence of Solitude in a cheering kind and benevolent emotions, and alleviating the miseries of life. Influence of Solitude on the various passions is next introduced ; and Love, despair, and love, are represented, as deriving peculiar consolation and delight in retired life. The vanity of grandeur is next descanted on, and illustrated by historic details—The influence of Solitude in age, sorrow, and death, is tempted to be shewn in the tale of ST. AUBIN—Some reflections follow on the pleasures derived from the recollection of youthful scenes, particularly in the tranquillity of retired life—The cultivation of the more refined powers of the soul, tho often attended with pain, enlarges the circle of happiness and elevates the character and sentiments to their highest perfection and immortality—The argument thence derived of the immortality of the soul—The poem then concludes with an address to friendship.

THE
POWER OF SOLITUDE.



O'ER the dim glen when autumn's dewy ray
Sheds the mild lustres of retiring day,
While scarce the breeze with whispering murmur flows
To hymn its dirge at evening's placid close :
When awful silence holds her sullen reign,
And moonlight sparkles on the dimpled main ;
Or thro some ancient, solitary tower
Disport loose shadows at the midnight hour :
Whence flows the charm these hallowed scenes impart,
To warm the fancy, and affect the heart ?
Why swells the breast, alive at every pore,
With throbs unknown, with pains unfelt before ?

Vain were the toil, the mystic spring of thought,
Like lightning, shivers, but can ne'er be caught.

Hence too, with majesty supremely rude
Where nature frowns in deepest solitude,
The local genius, as unawed he braves
Impending cataracts, or giant caves,
Feels all his soul dilate with zeal sublime,
Its grandeur heightening with the kindred clime.

Nor less the scenes, where varied beauties shine,
To gentler feelings lend a charm divine ;
Silence and gloom a holier peace inspire,
Free the prest heart, and cool the fierce desire ;
E'en sadness, pausing o'er her woes awhile,
Relents her brow, and wakes a transient smile.

Blest link of being, whence successive thought
Leaps into life, in social order wrought,

What subtle powers connect thy airy train,
Touch but the first, and myriads crowd the brain !
From thee SECLUSION gains her magic art,
To wake the mind, and elevate the heart,
From thee, gay fancy every image gleans,
Which breathes perfection o'er illusive scenes,
And, urged by thee, the forms of memory true
Thro CORNEAN portals pass in bright review. (3)

'Tis evening's watch, while silver twilight fails,
Scarce winds the seabreeze round the flaccid sails ;
Athwart his eyes oblique the moonlight cast,
The jocund sailor climbs the giddy mast,
Charmed, while he seems in distant sounds to hear
Some ready welcome meet his listening ear.
Hushed be each voice, the bursting joke suspend,
Lo ! on his soul the dreams of hope descend ;
At home he sits, the dangerous voyage o'er,
Tells all his ills, and would the tale were more ;

Unbidden tears console for perils past,
And each new smile seems lovelier, than the last ;
Round his rocked knee his sportive infants press,
Ask the fresh kiss, and steal the fond caress ;
Joy follows joy, the welcome circles round,
The tale repeated, and the bumper crowned ;
Love, fancy, hope, his glowing senses steep,
And waft his visions o'er the bounding deep.

Yet there are those, whose souls of heavier mould
No joys, like these, no chastened joys unfold ;
For them in vain in sober landscape reign
The mouldered turret and the moonlight main ;
For them bright fiction never taught to glow
In fairy tales or legendary woe ;
For them no spirits walk the dusky cave,
No murmuring Naiads drink the lucid wave,
No fine enchantments, raised at WIELAND'S call, (4)
Convene her shadowy train to fancy's hall ;

Unsought, unwished, the curious scenery flows,
Presiding dulness nods, and nods to doze !

But come, ye good, to mark her living power,
Whom nature fashioned in a happier hour,
Whose tender nerves, to nicer sense alive,
Feel in each touch electric life revive ;
If high in wish, your ardent souls explore
Each secret haunt of wisdom's treasured lore ;
If proud in bliss, at Hymen's brightened shrine
Ye close the mutual hope in joy divine ;
Or, sad reverse ! if cursed with every pain,
Which crowds convulsion thro the trembling vein,
Doomed lone and friendless life's drear paths to rove,
The scorn of pride, or prey of injured love ;
Retire, and own SECLUSION's power to shed
The cheering beam round merit's drooping head,
Retire, and there the moral lesson prest
Shall teach in blessing, how the heart is blest.

Why will ye tell of all the world can give ?
Say, can it teach the science, how to live ?
How best in generous deeds the soul employ,
And form its views to virtue's blameless joy ?
Here all the glory lies, to fortune known,
And here the cottage emulates the throne.
What tho the courtly pomp of eastern pride
Deck the rich couch, and o'er the feast preside,
What tho from suppliant crowds the sceptre claim
Unrivalled honours and unquestioned fame ;
Can these, where avarice haunts the pining mind,
Calm the fierce rage, which preys on human kind ?
Can these, where conscience fills with deep dismay,
Reverse the gloom, and change the night to day ?
Can these, where anguish holds her fiery reign,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain ?
O'er the proud scene the sword of haggard care
Hangs to destroy, suspended by a hair !

.

Search the wide world, or, versed in classic lore,
Mark the dread truth on PUTEOLI's shore ;
Mid gorgeous domes, and flattery's servile host,
Ambitious SYLLA roams a restless ghost ; (5)
In vain debauch her syren forms assumes,
Care haunts his soul with visionary glooms,
The world's proud conqueror asks a moment's ease,
Cursed in decline, and loathsome in disease.

Alas ! no balms the courted crowd dispense
To heal the aching throes of sickened sense ;
There morbid interest plies her ceaseless art
To dull affection, and seduce the heart ;
There harsh disdain, to human misery steeled,
With secret triumph hears the fault revealed ;
Or if perchance a gleam of pity shine,
Its dubious aspect marks some base design.
Yea, tho the generous smile, the polished grace,
Like fair APEGA, ask a false embrace, (6)

Too oft its victim finds, the glittering toy
Lure to deceive, and flatter to destroy.

The lovely maid, whose native virtues flow
Chaste, as the airy web of printless snow,
If in sad hour, the prey of treacherous toil,
Her rifled honour fall some plunderer's spoil,
How vain the hope to hide from public fame
Her deep contrition and ingenuous shame !
Where'er she turns, the circled crime prevails,
In smiles reproaches, and in sneers assails,
And, like some troubled ghost, in thin disguise
The pointed insult meets her downcast eyes.
In vain may eloquence in mercy plead
To spare the person, yet detest the deed, (7)
Ungenerous censure dooms to deadlier woe
The wretch, who suffered, than who dealt the blow.

Poor, wandering outcast, tho with arrowy sway
Imbittered memory haunt the fatal day,
When life's bright visions with pollution fled,
And virtue sickened with the tears she shed ;
No more returned the scenes of festive mirth,
When youth and fancy cheered the social hearth,
Or, tripped with truant steps the verdant heath,
To watch the sunbeam, as it blushed in death :
Yet shall meek SOLITUDE with temperate sway
Gild the deep shade, and light the closing day,
Lull the keen pangs, thy bleeding breast that tore,
And hallow transports, life can ne'er restore.

So to the picture's many coloured face
Time's secret touch imparts a ripening grace,
Mellows each tint, and still, as dies the blaze,
Each softer beauty on the canvass plays.

Ask not, in beauty's prime why VALIERE strove (8)

By pious vows to quench the throb of love,
When royal pride with guilt, that ne'er shall fade,
Spurned the fond victim, whom his art betrayed.
Sweet maid, thy heart, by tenderness subdued,
Too frail for virtue, and for vice too good,
Mid the drear abbey's gloom could proudly know
A joy in horror, and a charm in woe.

—Where the cold coffin guards its virgin's sleep, (9)

And holy penance lives to watch and weep,
The lovelorn nymph, each human frailty o'er,
Gave her fond heart to tremble and adore.

Supernal Power, tho pain, tho sickness press,
Wing the sharp pang, and urge the keen distress,
Tho drear confinement every feeling chill,
Arrest the wish, and mock the imprisoned will,
Thro every change thy active charm prevails,
Each thought enlivens, and each sense regales,

And, o'er the scene when darker horror lowers,
Illumes with moral light the weary hours.

Lo, where the torches throw reverted light,
What solemn pageants crowd the funeral rite !
Shrill winds the blast, and thro some broken cloud
Gleam the wan moonbeams o'er the flapping shroud ;
Nor more is heard, save in some dismal pause
From rank to rank a sullen murmur draws,
And save, where, perch'd the neighbouring yews among,
The boding raven croaks his hateful song.
Hark ! from the tombs the faltering service read,
Dust to the dust consigned, and dead to dead ;
The victim fell in youth's unblemished pride,
A darling sister, and a destined bride,
Cropped, like some flower in native beauty gay,
That greets the morn to blush its life away.
One moment hence, to freeze the soul of mirth,
On the sunk coffin pelts the rattling earth !


Ungracious sound ! at whose disasterous tale
The live flesh quivers, and the moon grows pale :
Shriek follows shriek, the fainting mourners yearn,
And close the delved house, whence is no return.

Sure, if one scene in misery's darkest hour
E'er thro the soul diffused a deadly power,
That scene were here, when midnight's startling chill
Crawls o'er the flesh in mockery of the will !
Yet deem not hence, distempered fancy led
Such lonely rituals o'er sepulchered dead ;
From glooms, like these, the kindred soul shall glean
Those holier sentiments, that work unseen,
From human ills shall snatch a zeal sublime,
Its trust in heaven, its triumph over time.

Go, view the convent's dull, monastic gloom,
Cold, as despair, and silent, as the tomb,

Where harsh religion rules with bigot sway
The lingering hour, and damps the tedious day ;
Where rayless horror o'er the embryo joy
Hangs, like some fiend, to strangle and destroy ;
In vain the bosom heaves with passion's sigh,
Rubies the lip, or melts the azure eye ;
In vain the cheek with love's carnation glows,
Or thro the heart voluptuous riot flows ;
Since here the virgin pines in holy dread,
Spouse of despair, and tenant with the dead.

Still here are charms, by mental truth refined,
To lure affliction from the wounded mind ;
Here vestal zeal on rapt devotion soars,
With faith's keen eye the future world explores,
Leads faltering hope thro error's dubious road,
And lights the trembling soul to heaven's abode.



Hark, from yon cloisters, wrapt in gloom profound,
The solemn organ peals its midnight sound ;
The choral anthem swells along the aisle,
Bursts the deep vaults, and shakes the echoing pile,
While trembling gleams, as distant tapers move,
Sweep the cold walls, and fringe the cypress grove.
With cautious reverence round their glimmering shrine
Press the meek nuns, and raise the prayer divine ;
Here, weeping penance lifts her reddened eye,
Pours the weak plaint, and breathes the heartfelt sigh ;
There, wan devotion bends with wistful gaze,
Or chants the vocal hymn of vesper praise ;
While, pure in thought as sweet responses rise,
Each grief subsides, each wild emotion dies,
Heaven's calm delights their erring souls employ,
And sweet SECLUSION whispers promised joy.

Else, when bold freedom late in thunder's voice (10)
Burst their dim cells, and bade the dead rejoice,

Recalled the victims from despair's embrace,
And rent the vestal veil from beauty's face,
Why did the lingering train with anxious view
Hang o'er the walls, and weep and wave adieu ?
Why ask with suppliant tears the warlike brave
To grant a cloister's life, a cloister's grave ?
Ah ! then remembrance with convulsive start
Renewed those scenes, erewhile which soothed the heart,
When kind religion, as the vespers closed,
Each wish attempered, and each care composed.

So chained by tyrant power in cursed BASTILE,
Whose weeping walls uncounted wrongs reveal,
Fate's hopeless victim, prey of cankerous care,
On torture feeds, and surfeits on despair.
But hark ! the portal on its hinges jars,
And freedom's arm unbolts the ponderous bars,
Enwrapt in flames she melts his chains away,
And leads the astonished captive forth to day :

Yet lo, what sadness wastes his shrivelled cheek, (11)
What strangled utterance mocks the wish to speak !
His muttered sighs implore from generous fate
The flinty pillow, and the dayless grate.
Alas ! with light reflection woke her reign,
And turned at memory's touch the whole to pain :
No glance of welcome meets his searching eye,
No pitying children echo sigh for sigh ;
In vain he asks a home from door to door,
The place, which knew him once, knows now no more ;
E'en the few friends, whom heaven had taught his woes,
The narrow house had lodged in long repose :
Nought, nought, remained to sooth the stranger's care,
Save the lone walls, his prison, and his prayer !

But where to mark EXCLUSION's happiest art,
Shall reason search the chambers of the heart ?
Since all the passions own her moral away,
By turns support her, and by turns obey :

Love, hope, and joy, thro all her shades disport,
Her dreams enliven, and her presence court ;
While grief and anguish every pang dismiss,
Or hail in fancy images of bliss.

When the fond mother o'er the cradle bends
To trace each joy familiar fancy lends,
Tho from her heart perturbed emotions rise,
While mutely earnest turn her aching eyes,
Since every smile, that lights her cherub's face,
And every look, that marks the father's grace,
Tells her lone heart in agonies of care
Of joys departed, and ' of days that were :'
Yet think not hence, existence darkly teems
With shapes more dreadful, than the murderer's dreams ;
Think not, that grief usurps with strong control,
Resistless empire o'er the widowed soul ;
Still, where affection's softening influence wakes,
Thro the deep shades a milder lustre breaks,

Hope spans the years, that dimly float between,
And lights with opening bliss the distant scene.

Nor pause we here, but mark hope's silent sway
Pervade the soul to chase its cares away,
When love unblest the morn of life consumes
In deep regrets and visionary glooms.
Oft will she rise, and o'er the night diffuse
Ideal charms in fancy's golden hues,
And, while SECLUSION's moral comforts bless,
By sweetly tempering, what defies redress,
Round memory's eye her freshened twilight plays
With the calm images of former days.

So hapless ELOISE, whose passion'd lines (12)
Breathe the pure sense, that softens and refines,
At every vein when injured virtue bled,
And anguish froze the tears by passion shed,

While yet young beauty's rich, transparent dye
Blushed in her cheek, and mantled in her eye,
Sought the dim cell, where changeless rigor reigns,
And wan repentance clanks her wasting chains,
Where the cold walls of PARACLETE aspire,
And bigot horrors feed religion's fire.
E'en there love shed a soft enchantment round,
When midnight dews enwrap the charnel ground ;
From the full choir, as pealing anthems rose,
Or dying requiems hymned divine repose,
The mingling strain with warm devotion stole
To breathe a holy languor o'er the soul :
Or thro the shades by fancy's guiding light
ST. GILDAS opened on her wishful sight ;
Again she seemed that voice of love to hear,
Whose early music won her credent ear ;
Again sweet converse cheered the classic bower,
Where science lingered many a social hour ;

Forgot the dismal years, which swept between,
Since vestal duties closed each earthly scene ;
Forgot the matin rite, the chanted air,
A lovelier image stole her virgin prayer ;
Resistless hope, to mental feelings true,
O'er the deep gloom its rich perspective threw.

Blest be that power, which chased the fiends of care,
And called his trembling spirit from despair,
When crazed with love, by treacherous wiles betrayed,
Desponding PETRARCH sought VAUCLUSA'S shade. (13)
There loved the bard mid rocks grotesque and bold
His liberal converse with the dead to hold ;
Above, dark woods, o'er dizzy torrents hung,
Thro winding vales their giant shadows flung ;
Below, from springs, where scarce a bubble whirled,
Thro verdant glens the silver SORGIA purled ;
The landscape round in pure luxuriance smiled ;
Here, soft, and calm ; there, grand, abrupt, and wild ;

CLAUDE's finest genius seemed to touch the place
With witching gloom and melancholy grace :
Haunts, meet for joy to muse the Lesbian strain,
But rife with perils, when the passions reign ;
In every shade the visioned maid descends,
And, fancy's captive, low the minstrel bends !
Seen is her form, as when in proud ST. CLAIRE (14),
The lovely damsel blushed divinely fair ;
Transparent green with violet purflew swims
Round her fair breast, and clasps her prisoned limbs ;
Light o'er her snowy neck in volumes rolled,
The mantling ringlets sport their flowing gold ;
The sparkling eye thro auburn lashes plays,
Flash follows flash, and blaze succeeds to blaze ;
She breathes, the dews of richest heaven distil ;
She speaks, and music pours its sweetest trill ;
Grace on her lips with magic virtue dwells,
Truth weaves the text, and love the comment spells :

Too dangerous charms ! in vain the lover flies,
Voluptuous visions meet his startled eyes ;
The woods, the streams, the echoing rocks confess,
A present angel haunts the charmed recess !
—E'en now the pilgrim, as with musing pace
His anxious steps the classic ruin trace,
Still marks the spot, by circling shades enclosed,
Where the fond lover oft at noon reposed ;
Still hears his voice along the vocal grove
Breathe the sad harmonies of thoughtful love ;
Still hears, " my Laura " rustle thro the trees,
Float on the tide, and echo on the breeze,
More sweet, than ARIEL'S strains enchanted stole (15)
To sooth to peate the shipwrecked stranger's soul ;
More soft, than MEMNON'S harp its music plays, (16)
Trilled by the sportive touch of orient rays.

So, where gay HAGLEY, drest in sylvan pride, (17)
Reflects its image on the tranquil tide,

The widowed minstrel loved his reed to play,
And dream of LUCY thro the livelong day.

So plaintive SHAW in grief's spontaneous strain (18)
Sung his lost EMMA to the sylvan train,
And round his Leasowes to the listening grove
So SHENSTONE warbled notes of hopeless love.

For injured feeling when fond hope has flown,
What can suffice, and what in price atone ?
What blest SILOAM shall to health restore
The cheerless wretch, who bleeds at every pore ?
Faint on despair, the stinted kindness shines,
Faint, as the wintry sun on SIBER's mines,
The distant gleam with sullen contrast falls,
Flits o'er the past, and every grief recalls.

The piteous youth beside yon straggling thorn,
His hair dishevelled, and his look forlorn,

Too dangerous charms ! in vain the lover flies,

Voluptuous visions meet his startled eyes ;

The woods, the streams, the echoing rocks confess,

A present angel haunts the charmed recess !

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So plaintive SHAW in grief's spontaneous strain (18)
Sung his lost EMMA to the sylvan train,
And round his Leasowes to the listening grove
So SHENSTONE warbled notes of hopeless love.

For injured feeling when fond hope has flown,
What can suffice, and what in price atone ?
What blest SILOAM shall to health restore
The cheerless wretch, who bleeds at every pore ?
Faint on despair, the stinted kindness shines,
Faint, as the wintry sun on SIBER's mines,
The distant gleam with sullen contrast falls,
Flits o'er the past, and every grief recalls.

The piteous youth beside yon straggling thorn,
His hair dishevelled, and his look forlorn,

Whose hollow eyes, by midnight watchings pale,
With mute reproach upbraid the piercing gale,
Once shone, like thee, howe'er matured in grace,
The manly glory of an ancient race ;
Once, skilled in lore, informed with brilliant sense,
And poured Hyblæan strains of eloquence ;
Once gaily pleased, for love his heart beguiled,
And mutual passion ripened, while she smiled ;
But fate's stern angel, foe of all that's fair,
With sickening envy eyed the faithful pair,
Sped the fell shaft, which bade perfection die,
And cut the knot, he never could untie. (19)

Oft as the village sports at evening close,
And westering twilight sinks to short repose,
Pale, as some withered corpse, with muttered cries
The pensive mourner thro the churchyard hies,
Bends o'er MARIA's grave in speechless grief,
With looks, that ask, yet seem to mock relief,

And, crazed with anguish, turns his frantic glare,
Raves to the wind, or breathes convulsive prayer :
Hah ! 'tis his voice, that on the ravening gale
Heaves the deep plaint, and pours the tender wail,
It seems in fitful strains his woes to moan,
Or half suppressed murmurs in a groan.
And can the scenes of idle tumult lend
One gleam of comfort for his perished friend ?
Can social glee Iapian balms impart
To chase one anguish from his harrowed heart ?
Yet shall RETIREMENT yield some mystic leaf
To staunch the wounds of solitary grief ;
And, while in softer tones and milder woe
Round memory's eye the imaged sorrows flow,
Fond hope, as life decays, with sweet control (30)
To fancy's dreams shall harmonize his soul.

But when the passions, urged by darker strife,
Prey on the soul to burst the springs of life,

Or brood o'er human ills with sleepless care
To fix some purpose of convulsed despair ;
If harshly doomed those deadly pangs to feel,
Which time can ne'er subdue, nor fancy heal,
To mark with frenzied glare parental pride
Frown on thy hopes, and crush thy destined bride ;
Parental pride ! whose withering prudence spies
No worth, but interest, thro its jaundiced eyes,
And stands unawed, in sacred fury wild,
The lustful murderer of its bartered child ;
If such thy doom, with eager steps evade
The glen, the stream, the twilight, and the glade ;
Fly from thyself, nor rouse in sullen mood
The lurid thoughts, from hell's worst sorcery brewed ;
Lest thy quick wrath indignant smite the air
With muttered curses on the blighted fair,
Or injured honor burn with impious ire
To point destruction on the guilty sire :

Fly the rich page, where gloomy genius drew
His WERTER bleeding, and his crazed ST. PREUX,
Where schemes of dreadful presage win the mind
In spells, that fasten, and in charms, that blind ;
Lest in some hour, when cautious reason sleeps,
Thy weary footsteps pace Leucadian steeps,
Love, hatred, vengeance, death, thy soul divide,
And wroth distraction woo to suicide.

Nor seek the crowd, whose jealous vice lays bare
In senseless rage the wounds of fixed despair ;
Keen to destroy, there lurks the insidious smile,
Corrupt in hatred, and in kindness vile ;
There lovelorn anguish claims no generous tear,
The look, half pity, kindling barbs a sneer.
Yea, as the funeral flames unwedded rose,
Disdained alliance, and abhorred to close,
When fierce in death the rival brothers lay, (21)
On the same pyre, in Thebes' disastrous day :

So be thy life from maddening riot free,
Its baleful commerce, and its heartless glee,
Eternal warfare urge thy closing breath,
And stern division triumph over death.
But on the breast of some fond friend recline,
Whose joys commune, whose sorrows melt with thine ;
So shall a holier dew from heaven distilled,
Hush the sharp throb, and quench the sigh unwilling ;
So pensive memory lose the sense of pain,
Charmed into peace beneath affection's reign.

Nor less we own SECLUSION's magic skill
To mould the temper, as she guides the will ;
Beneath her shades the kindred virtues meet,
Blend in gay groups, and twine in union sweet ;
Resigned their rage the fiery passions rest,
And gentlest musings woo the softened breast ;
Tranquil, yet bright, each beauteous image flows
To lull the soul in fancy's witch'd repose.

E'en those we love, more winning graces gain
From the strange sweetness of a twilight plain ;
We wake, we live, the talisman's control
With nice attraction draws the mellowed soul,
Joy swells the pulse, and pity's trembling sigh
Steals from each nerve responsive sympathy.

How blest that state, where mingling hearts unite,
Blend in desire, and hail the nuptial rite !
Then all is peace, for nature's charms combine
To sooth each passion, and each sense refine ;
Then all is peace, and many an artless wile
Steals from domestic care its grateful smile ;
Seductive converse flows from eye to eye,
Speaks in a tear, and utters in a sigh ;
Each wish declared, ere from the lips it part,
With magnet influence finds its kindred heart ;
Each virtue brightened gives the soul to trace
In conscious love, its grandeur and its grace.

O ! wake with passion's fine, creative power
Her rich enchantment, her ecstatic hour ;
She, holy cherub, o'er the couch of death,
Bends with mild gaze to stay the parting breath,
From wan despair averts the impending storm,
And lights a smile on horror's haggard form !
Lo, where she turns, what instant beauties rise,
Flowers blush to life, and carols peal the skies ;
Ambrosial dews their nectared balms dispense,
To charm with varying sweets the ravished sense ;
Responsive echoes wind the rifted steeps,
Dance the live groves, the amorous mountain leaps ;
High swells the Lesbian hymn, old ocean hears,
And rules immortal love, and shakes the spheres.

Without her presence where shall bliss reside ?
E'en fair CALYPSO loathed her deathless pride : (22)
On wings divine aërial spirits shot
Ten thousand odors thro her sparkling grot,

Round her rich couch with warbling echoes played,
And arched the myrtle's salutary shade,
With fragrant breath the cooling zephyrs wove ;
But all was sadness in thine absence, love !
Immortal life had lost the power to please,
And health and beauty languished for disease.

Mysterious power ! what thrilling transports pain,
What fine sensations pass the trembling brain,
When thy first smile suspends the gazing eye,
Veiled in the blush of hope, and asks reply !
Quick flies the pulse with interrupted leap,
Then flows in sweetness, then subsides to sleep ;
But wak'd once more, what gentle tumults rise,
What swift vibrations speed renewed surprise !
From each fine nerve impetuous motions wing
Delirious joys to life's ecstasies spring,
Round the brisk eye enchanted scenery floats,
Thro the spelled ear distil ethereal notes,

Voluptuous bliss the tingling senses chains,
And o'er the whole one bright ELYSIUM reigns.

So felt APOLLO, when his hand essayed, (23)
With trembling touch, to sketch the Persian maid :
With gradual grace beneath his mimic art
Glow the fresh smiles, the swelling beauties start ;
But when, as life, the perfect figure stood,
Like VENUS blushing from the conscious flood,
The wondering artist gazed with tenderer thought,
And bowed the slave of charms his pencil wrought.

But say, what climes her genial presence greets,
What blest ARCADIA owns her fond retreats ?
Dwells she, where pride to fashion's altar rears
The gathered follies of an age of years ?
Dwells she, where envy, veiled in friendship's guise,
Matures her plots, and murders by surmise ?

Far other scenes invite her aid divine,
Far other votaries throng her favored shrine ;
There, like sepulchral flames, by darkness fed,
Her glimmered raptures scarcely light the dead.
She seeks the tranquil hours of social mirth,
The mild communion, the domestic hearth ;
Her sister rites with meek devotion pays,
And round the LARES twines with melting gaze ;
Her ready choice, affection's pensive mood,
Her best reliance, peace and SOLITUDE.

Transcendant bliss ! which souls sublime respire,
Steeped in the streams of rapture's purest fire ;
Whence all thy powers, thy charms beyond compare,
Let thy rapt votary's panting heart declare,
What time gay hope disports in blushing youth,
And bright illusion wins to manly truth.
O ! he can tell, what pure emotions spring,
Thrill the live soul, and nerve its lofty wing !

When from some cliff, whose caves reaching rear,
He eyes the wild surf heave the trembling shore,
Or dares at midnight's hour devoutly stray
The churchyard thro' with melancholy GRAY,
Marks the pale crescent ride her chariot high,
" Or pores upon the brook, that babbles by."
O ! he can tell, the varied prospect teems
With more, than poets paint in eastern dreams ;
Pants not a breeze, but through the rustling grove
Its soft responses whisper notes of love ;
Springs not a thought, but o'er its secret views
The wisard, fancy, sheds her rainbow hues ;
Glow's not a wish, but wings its chaste desire
More pure, than incense lit by vestal fire :
Such wondrous charms the sorceress bids advance,
Caught from the fairy realms of wild romance !
And such to bless shall mild affection own,
When youth and health and fortune's gifts are flown ;

And such to bless shall gild SECLUSION's reign,
While memory lights, or fiction haunts the brain ;
Those leave the peace to conscious merit given,
And these with wisdom teach the joys of heaven.

But these are charms, which genuine taste bestows,
These only virtue, blameless virtue, knows :
In vain SECLUSION boasts a mystic power
To steal from vice one agonizing hour ;
Stern conscience fixes on her fated prey
With sullen anguish, and diseased dismay.

Unhappy truth, by kings and slaves confessed, (24)
How sure thy sway shall CROMWELL's fate attest !
He, when a world his proud command obeyed,
Shrunk from himself, and feared his moving shade ;
On every side guilt saw with strange alarm
The airy dagger, and the murderous arm.

Perhaps ye deem, where grandeur holds the throne,
No odious cares invade, no faltering groan ;
But loves and graces lead their circling dance,
Gay, as the forms rehearsed in wild romance.
Delusive thoughts ! that haunt the domes of state,
False, as the dreams, dismissed the IVORY gate : (25)
Far different tests severe experience brings
To point its moral on the fate of kings. :

Ask lovely MAINTENON, when fortune smiled (26)
To deck with regal charms its favorite child,
Why mid ST. CYR's lone walls she loved to dwell,
And pace with musing step the vestal's cell ;
Her conscious lips the motive could declare,
Beneath the PURPLE lurks the fiend of care.

So to the shades of calm RIFAILLE's retreat,
SAVOR's proud monarch turned his pilgrim feet, (27)

When age had damped ambition's vivid flame,
And taught, that royal pomp usurps—a name.

And lo, where ZERBAN's lofty turrets rise
With marble grandeur to the genial skies,
What curious beauties seize the wondering sense,
Profuse in wealth, in luxury intense !
Blaze the vast domes, inwrought with fretted gold,
The sumptuous pavements veins of pearl unfold ;
Arch piled on arch with columned pride ascend,
Grove link'd to grove their mingling shadows bend ;
From thousand springs pavilioned fountains play
Refreshing coolness thro the sultry day ;
Fruits, flowers, and fragrance all at once conspire
To thrill the soul, and renovate desire :
Yet hear the CALIPH of the bright domain, (28)
When fifty suns had graced his golden reign,
When war's last triumph left no theme for praise,
And peace and victory led their golden days ;

Yet hear the sage, whose sobered thought confined
To half a moon his real bliss of mind ;
“ Vain are the gifts deluded mortals prize ;
“ Place not thy trust, O man, beneath the skies !”

In life's thronged paths how few with safety tread,
Nor mourn their virtues stained, their hopes misled ;
How few approve, in judgment's tranquil hour,
The vain pursuit of wealth, the strife for power ;
Heedless that time the summer dreams will shroud,
We seek a goddess, and embrace a cloud ! (29)
“ Man wants but little here, nor wants that long,”
Sung the sweet muse of melancholy song ;
Soon must this goodly frame dissolve and die,
Swept, like a vapor, from the wintry sky ;
The treasured ore, the pageantry of state,
In vain delay the insidious march of fate ;
On higher views the immortal soul must rise,
Than wealth or power or eloquence supplies,

In that stern hour, when shivering on the bourn,
Whence love and genius know no blest return,
On moral views, from lettered wisdom caught,
And formed and cherished in sequestered thought.

When age has quenched the eye's impassioned fire,
And joy's faint colorings glimmer to ex-
Where shall he turn, whose drooping soul sustains
The heavy load, which clogs life's fluttering veins ?
Far hence removed the friends of early youth,
Whose smile was rapture, and whose language, truth,
Himself alone of all the numerous train,
Whose careless laughter swept the breezy plain,
Like some rude column desolately cast,
Left to record decay, and tell the past !
Too oft the good man on his spirit preys,
Sunk in neglect with glory's latter days ;
Too oft, unfriended by the slaves he fed,
Like BELISARIUS, begs his daily bread, (30)

Till worn with secret griefs he sighs distressed,
" My age is past, O ! lay me down to rest."

Then let the gentler sympathies combine
To slope the way to nature's slow decline ;
Sweet is the task to sooth the unequal strife,
" And rock the cradle of enfeebled life ;"
There shall the cherub, love, with fond employ
Press round the soul some chaste, domestic joy ;
There cheering friendship watch with sleepless eye,
True, as the needle points the polar sky,
Brightening till death, and faithful in decay,
Compose with pious hands the scisselless clay.

Nor let the virtuous fear time's secret rage,
Theirs are delights, which every pain assuage,
Which still, as life declines, with soothing charm
Its rigors soften, and its cares disarm ;

For them ~~RECREMENT~~ decks her fragrant bower,
Culls every herb, and sweetens every hour ;
For them hope weaves a balmy couch of peace,
Lifts the faint heart, and bids its flutterings cease ;
Bright, yet serene, religion's prospects rise,
Like evening twilight breathed from summer skies.

Far from the world, its pleasures and its strife,
The good ~~ST. AUBIN~~ passed his tranquil life ;
Deep in a glen the rural mansion rose,
And half an acre spanned its modest close ;
Just by the door a living streamlet rolled,
Whose pebbly bottom gleamed with sandy gold,
There first the woodlark hailed propitious spring,
The humming insect dipped his glossy wing,
The branching elms in ancient grandeur spread,
Inweaved with myrtles, near its babbling head.
Behind, vast mountains closed the wonderous view,
Hung o'er the horizon veiled in hazy blue,

Save when the shutting eve mid vapors hoar
Rolled its last gleams their woody summits o'er,
And, seen at distance, thro some opening brake
Transparent brightness lit the neighbouring lake.

Scenes, where SALVATOR's soul had joyed to climb
Mid wilds, and images sublime,
Or caught with kindling glance the bold designs,
Where Horror's form on beauty's lap reclines.

Meek was ST. AUBIN's soul, his gentle air (31)
Spoke to the searching glance the man of care ;
Unlike the giant oak, which propped on high,
Looks o'er the storm, and dares its bolts defy,
But as the humbler reed, whose pliant train
Bend to the breeze, and rise to bloom again.
His ready smile relieved the welcome poor,
Who thronged with daily joy his opening door ;

Unskilled by worldly arts the soul to scan,
His social nature loved the race of man ;
Nor sought by godly rites religious praise,
More pleased to pay obeisance, than to raise ;
Nor wished the booktaught lore, whose schemes confined
To one small spot the charities of mind.
Let the vain Levite pass the other side
In courtly pomp, in dull, official pride,
His proffered alms the wandering stranger found,
Wine for his heart, and ointment for his wound,
The cheer reply, the scholar's modest jest,
In want a shelter, and a home for rest.

One darling daughter claimed the good man's care,
Gay, as the lark, but scarce more gay, than fair ;
Light were the sportive locks, whose curls profuse
Hung o'er her neck in native wildness loose ;
Blue were the speaking eyes, whose bended lash
Half hid and half betrayed a fluttering flash ;

Health's glowing rose, in shadowed lustre sleek,
Diffused its virgin blush o'er either cheek ;
Love in her form its bright perfection traced,
Yet drest the model, still to nature chaste ;
No sober tricks, no mawkish whims confined
Her lively ease, her innocence of mind ;
A parent's each pure refinement taught,
And fixed the polish, when it formed the thought,
To fancy's lustre lent the touch of art,
And gave the judgment force to guide the heart.

Up with the morn the hermit skimmed the dew,
And thro the echoing woods his shrill horn blew ;
At noon well pleased beside some rippling stream
Wove blameless fiction's legendary dream,
Or, lulled to peace, with curious love pursued
The courteous muse thro every changing mood,
Wept at her woes of many a tear beguiled,
And felt her joys, and acted o'er the child.

But when the curfew tolled the hour of rest,
And eve's fine blush imbued the glowing west,
Beneath a shadowy bower, with myrtles crowned,
His moral lectures constant audience found.
Charmed to his knees his cheerful infant came
To lisp with trembling voice a father's name,
Rehearsed her early task, and pleased a
With earnest sweetness drew his anxious smile.
There too in riper age the artless JANE
Poured in wild tones her melancholy strain,
Or touched the lute with many a pensive air,
Or breathed her grateful soul in thanks and prayer ;
Such holy rites the good man loved to keep,
Till praise and blessing brought the hour of sleep.

Well may remembrance love the favored day
My truant footsteps chanced to pass that way,
When on his doorstep sat the sage and told,
How mind and sense their gradual powers unfold ;

Then higher raised the moral pleasures traced,
Whose touch harmonious charms the nascent taste,
With love and rapture warms the poet's page,
Or moulds to deeds divine a slothful age ;
And thence, as holier purpose fired his soul,
Sung the first Cause, whose wisdom formed the whole.

The while he spoke, methought his spirit shed
Some heavenly dew of mingled hope and dread ;
Mysterious influence seemed to haunt the shade,
And round his face transfiguring brightness played.

But all is past, and scarce the eye can trace
One ruined monument of former grace.
Short is the tale, nor power, nor harsh disdain,
With lordly triumph grasped his small domain,
Nor base seduction lured by syren charms
His rifled treasure from a father's arms :

Heaven frowned severe, its awful mandate sent,
And claimed the darling hope its bounty lent.

Beside the couch, where JANE expiring lay,
The hermit knelt, and prayed, or seemed to pray,
Dim were his eyes, with anxious vigils worn,
Yet spoke a soul with no harsh tumults torn;
E'en in the agonies of dumb despair,
Devotion's smile was seen and cherished there :
And, as the lingering powers of life decayed,
Faith beamed her radiance thro the deepening shade,
With firm reliance drank the parting breath,
Kissed the pale lips, and closed the eyes in death,
Thro brighter realms the unbodied cherub sought,
Realms pure in bliss beyond the soar of thought,

Slow thro the narrow path, by misery worn,
Passed the veiled corpse, in shrouded silence borne ;

No vain parade, no courtly pageant spread
Their sickly honors round the virgin dead ;
Strewed o'er the bier some vernal flowers were seen,
And here and there a sweetbriar fell between.
The father came in sorrow's holiest gloom,
His raised eye fixed on hopes beyond the tomb,
Still, as the tempest, hushed in dread suspense,
Yet mild, as twilight greets the wakening sense ;
No muttered groans, no stifled anguish shook
His meek repose, his calm, unaltered look,
Save, when the ritual closed its sainted strain,
And o'er the coffin rolled the earth again,
One lingering tear, that seemed the man to speak,
With briny lustre trickled down his cheek,
One lingering tear was all his spirit gave,
Then bowed a last farewell, and left the grave !

Yet had not memory lost her soothing art,
Nor fancy closed her empire in the heart :

When up the groves unclouded moonlight streamed
At the lone hour, to goblins sacred deemed,
When sober day, mid vapory glooms descried,
Shot its faint crimson round at eventide,
Oft would he rove some mountain's brow along,
And pour in shattered tones his plaintive song,
Kiss the stray flowers, which drest the streamlet's marge,
Or row athwart the lake his aged barge ;
And when some spot, where JANE was wont to roam,
Some favorite pastime called his spirit home,
If once a sigh his heaving bosom pressed,
His trust in heaven was all, that sigh expressed.
Oft would he trim his wintry hearth, and court
Remembered scenes of pleasantry and sport,
Mark, where the lute secured its dusty place,
The needled landscape on the wainscot trace,
The quaint remark, the evening task review,
And chase the fleeting shades, and dream anew.

Nor smile, ye proud, if thoughts, like these, engag
The friendless soul in melancholy age,
More sweet, than all the hymns of active joy,
One moment sacred to this chaste employ,
One pious hour, to moral musing given,
Its relish truth, its harmonies from heaven !
And, as the hapless wretch, by storms o'ercast,
Clings, shuddering clings him, to the fatal mast,
So hope and love, yet buoyant on the wave,
Shall snatch their relics from the ravenous grave,
And most, as life recedes, with fond alarms
Fold the dear types immortal in their arms.

Near where a cypress shades the lonely heath,
Long has ST. AUBIN slept the sleep of death ;
O'er the rude hillock waves the rank grass high,
And moans the wild blast, as it hurtles by :
One simple stone, with village rhymes bedight,
Just tells the tale to every passing wight,

And bids his drooping soul aspire to raise
Such love in life, in death such honest praise.

Sure, if one blessing heaven to mortals lend,
'Tis this pure peace, that calms the good man's end ;
'Tis this transcendant power, whose views refined,
Control the passions, and correct the mind :
This, tho the pride of fortune melt away,
And drowsy age on sickening fancy prey,
Still lights the mind to feeling's gentler rest,
And sheds around ' the sunshine of the breast !'

When, warm with life, unclouded fancy glows,
How loves the mind to roam at evening's close ;
Beside some murmuring brook, by memory led,
To light the classic torch, and search the dead ;
Or raise each shadowy form of youthful mirth,
Love's plighted hour, and friendship's wintry hearth !

For these are scenes, tho marked on childhood's page,
Whence flows a charm beyond the waste of age.
Evoke its trains, evoke its noisy sports,
Its breezy woodwalks, and its green resorts,
Where every eve the little heroes prest,
To catch with eager ears some circling jest,
The passing creed, thro many a story spun,
Of witch or goblin, murdered knight or nun ;
Or feats of pith, to every truant known,
Amused the crowd, and won the victor's crown ;
How bright their shades in swift procession pass,
Seen thro the distant glimpse of memory's glass !
How sweetly speak the moral voice to youth,
In tones of love, yet eloquence of truth !

But thus not always on the chart of time
Glow the light forms of childhood's golden prime ;
Oft shall the tear of warm regret be shed,
When many a peril past, a tempest fled,

The aged pilgrim sits him down to trace
Some dream of early life, some infant grace,
And oft his bosom heave unbidden sighs
O'er the sad wreck of friendship's severed ties.

And is there here no blest Elysian grove,
Whose golden branches shield the fruits of love ?
Are all the scenes, which vigorous genius frames,
But vain illusions, and ideal names ?
Pants but the soul for higher joys to throw
On human ills a visionary woe ?
Let narrow prudence boast its groveling art,
To chill the generous sympathies of heart,
Teach to subdue each thought sublimely wild,
And crush, like HEROD, fancy's newborn child ;
The cultured mind, which active sense inspires,
For nobler flights shall trim its slumbering fires,
From airy dreams, tho weaved in fiction's loom,
Point virtue's triumph o'er the closing tomb,

For happier climes its destined glory plan,
And lend immortal life to mortal man.

Come then, sweet Friendship, who in HARVARD'S
bowers

With calm enjoyment winged my youthful hours,
Whose cheering power consoles the dying slave,
Recals the sleeping Lazarus from his grave,
In soothest sorcery binds the maniac's cell,
And lulls to peace the monster hags of hell;
Come, and with SOLITUDE'S serene employ
Chase every care, and ripen every joy,
Till this distracted heart forget to weep,
Locked in the grave's inviolable sleep.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

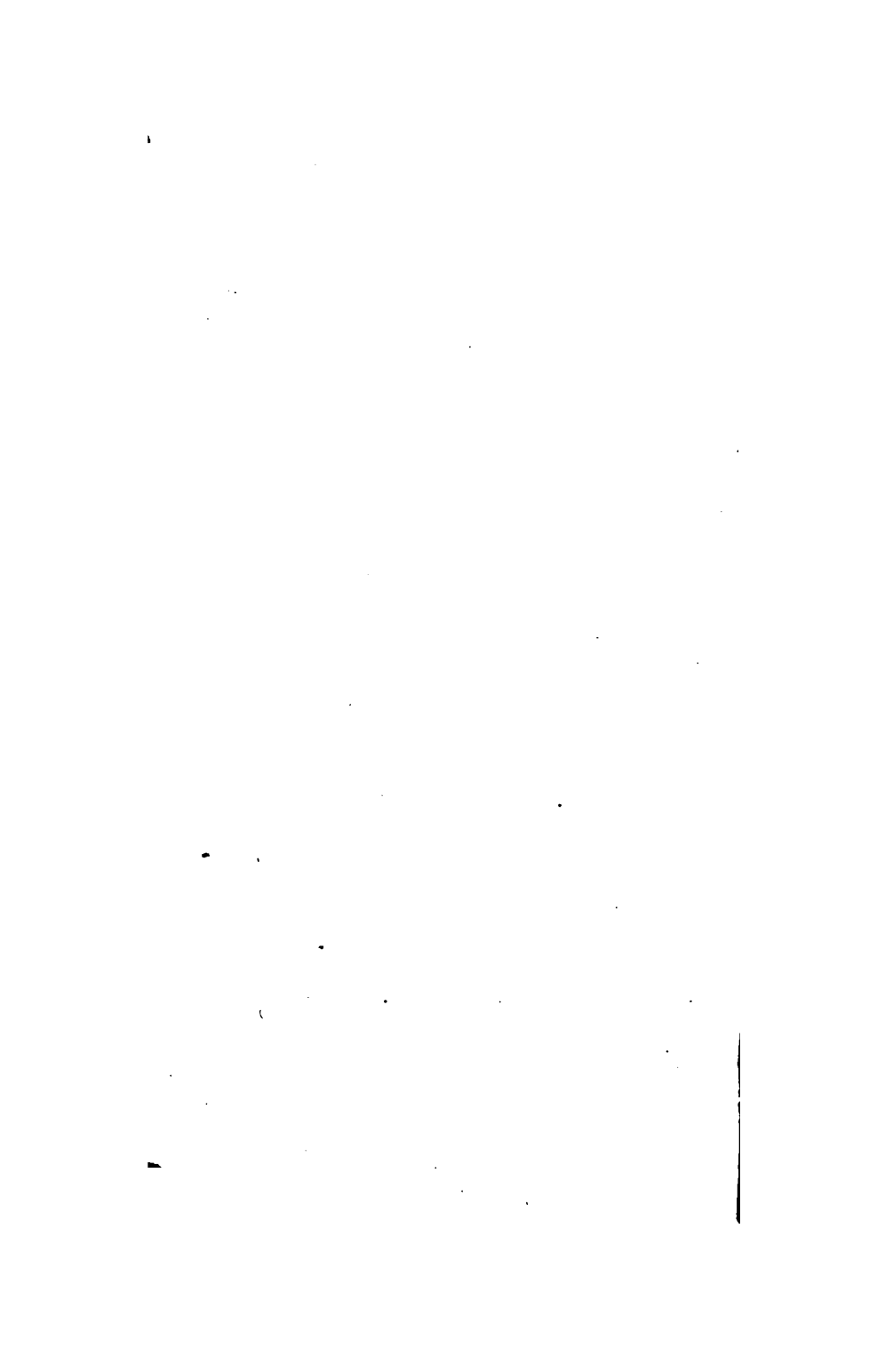
THE
P O W E R
OF
S O L I T U D E.

PART SECOND.

———Then the charm, by fate prepared,
Diffuseth its enchantment; fancy dreams,
Rapt into high discourse with prophets old,
And wandering through Elysium, fancy dreams
Of sacred fountains, of o'ershadowing groves,
Whose walks with godlike harmony resound;
Fountains, which Homer visits, happy groves,
Where Milton dwells. The intellectual power
On the mind's throne suspends his graver cares,
And smiles; the passions to divine repose
Persuaded yield, and love and joy alone
Are waking; love and joy, such as await
An angel's meditation. O! attend,
Whoe'er thou art, whom these delights can touch,
Whom nature's aspect, nature's simple garb,
Can thus command: O! listen to my song,
And I will guide thee to her blissful walks,
And teach thy Solitude her voice to hear,
And point her gracious features to thy view.

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

ON THE MIND.



SONNET.

YE fond companions of my early years,
Whose converse cherished many an hour of bliss,
Whom yet the tie of mutual love endears,
Receive this offering with a welcome kiss.

Warm from the minstrel's heart the tribute springs,
Pure, as the brèath of eve ; in truth it flows
To yield some solace to your kindred woes ;
Well may I know the pangs despondence brings :

O ! be the generous care forever mine,
To steal the tear from pity's shivering cheek ;
The tear of love with eloquence can speak,
And friendship's hand the wreath of peace entwine ;

And I were blest, should your approving smile
Greet my young stranger, and his fears beguile.

ANALYSIS OF THE SECOND PART.

THE poem opens with an invocation to the spirits of the lighter Gothic mythology—The grandeur of Greece and Rome resulted from the incessant study and philosophic lives of their heroes and sages—Hence also the perfection of the arts and sciences—The bold developement of the mind in Seclusion contrasted with its languor in society—Hence the necessity of retirement to the artist, the poet, and the philosopher—The influence of Seclusion in strengthening the mind in adversity, in awakening independence of character, and fostering the love of freedom—The influence of local scenery, in exciting corresponding sentiments and belief, leads next to the mention of superstition; the doctrine of its origin illustrated in the sublime imagery of the Highlands, and the beautiful fables of the Lowlands, of Scotland—Hence also the fondness of devotees to retirement—Digression on the evils of monastic life, and religious frenzy—The influence of local scenery in awakening the poetic powers; and the Celtic bards celebrated—Some reflections on the comparative pleasures of a splendid and rural life, with a description of the native of the Alps—The dangers of Solitude to persons of hypochondriac constitutions and of predisposition to religious melancholy—The folly of useless repinings against our fate—A tale introduced, illustrative of the influence of Solitude in sorrow and madness—The choice of the Author follows, and the poem concludes with an address to Poetry.

THE
POWER OF SOLITUDE.



AËRIAL ELVES, who fondly hovering round,
On silver sandals print historic ground,
Who oft with witching music charmed his ears,
Danced in his smiles, and ambushed in his tears,
As grief or joy their tints alternate spread,
In floating visions round your DARWIN'S head : (1)
AËRIAL ELVES, at OBERON'S golden lance,
Who form in mystic rings the fairy dance,
Or, carred on meteors, thro the mazy night
In frolic circles wheel your amorous flight,
O'er the soft lips of artless beauty creep,
And paint strange fancies on the lover's sleep ;

Wind sweet your bugle horns, and swiftly call
Memory's wild spirits from the wizard's hall,
Bid them the scenes of ancient worth restore,
Chant glory's deathless deeds in epic lore,
With sportive fingers trill the harp of time,
And wake reflection by their powers sublime,
Till raptured wisdom hear the sacred lay,
And own meek SOLITUDE's impressive sway.

Lo, at the word the shades of genius leap,
Touched by enchantment, from oblivion's sleep,
Burst the dark clouds round memory's empire rolled
And fling on fancy's sight her floods of gold :
Again the scenes of elder time revive,
The statue weeps, the picture starts alive ;
Again proud ATHENS from her cumbrous tomb
In awful grandeur renovates her bloom,
And ROME's bright graces blaze, as when of yore
Her conquering eagles perched on every shore.

Immortal climes ! where classic learning taught
In domes, that reasoned, and in groves, that thought ; (2)
Where PLATO's pure, informing spirit lit
Transcendant lore and philosophic wit ;
Where TULLY's soul, illumed with light intense,
Shot streams of fire, and cleansed the moral sense ;
Whence sprung the virtues, whose exalted sway
Shed quenchless glory o'er your ancient day ?
Whence rose the arts, whose plastic touch beneath
The canvass wakens, and the marbles breathe ?
Whence rose the strains, which sweep the frantic lyre
With nature's pathos, and with freedom's fire,
Or on the tyrant's ears in music roll,
To change the purpose of his gloomy soul ?

For these the sage consumed his midnight oil,
And patient study nurtured ceaseless toil ;
For these ambition fled the social door,
To muse with truth on history's treasured lore,

And there in shades of deep retirement caught
The bold conception, and the embodied thought.

But when oppression reared her sanguine form,
And yoked her chariot to the gathering storm,
When murderous riot seized her bloody robe,
Or guilt and slaughter ruled the trembling globe ;
Quick at the call in learning's sacred groves
The classic heroes left their peaceful loves,
With dauntless prowess bared their panting breast,
While ripening thunders slumbered on their crest,
And claimed the martial wreath, to science due,
Whose polish smooths the mind, and strengthens too.

Ye hallowed seats, where oft in elder time
Retiring science poured her strains sublime,
Still shall the classic genius, wandering near,
Drop o'er your sad remains the grateful tear :

Still pay religious rites, as holy ground,
Where learning breathes mysterious virtue round.
Soft float, ye gales, the vocal groves along,
Where lingers yet the pure, SOCRATIC song,
Mid circling planes, erewhile with music fraught,
When Athens acted, what her sages taught :
Soft float, ye gales, where thro Lyceum's shade
With tuneful murmurs charmed Ilyssus strayed,
When the bold STAGIRITE, by lore refined,
To moral grandeur raised the daring mind :
Soft float, ye gales, around his ruined home,
Where TULLY's spirit loves at eve to roam,
Or pause with studious look, adown the stream
As pallid moonlight steals with flickering beam ;
For there instruction blest ambitious youth,
And freedom breathed the flame of vestal truth.

And hence your magic powers, unrivalled mine,
To rouse invention, and mature design ;

Far from the world your votive offspring stray,
And shun the busy hum of vulgar day,
In lonely haunts with rural fancy dwell,
Or muse the lettered hymn in wisdom's cell.
Let wealth and prudence lead their sparkling train
Thro empty show and mercenary gain ;
For nobler ends shall destined genius rise,
Wing all its strength, and emulate the skies ;
For daring themes the mystic strains assume,
Conceived in silence, and inwrought in gloom,

Time was, when these with mighty spells could bind
Its lawless rage, and tame the barbarous mind :
In classic bowers the moral precept grew,
Kingdoms obeyed, and tyrants owned it true ;
Fixed, as responses pealed from DELPHI'S fane,
Rolled thro admiring crowds the lofty strain ;
Now from the forum burst a world to save,
Toned to the wild roar of the thundering wave ;

Now, veiled in scenic charms, the passions led ;
Now hymned the pæans o'er the patriot dead ;
And, as by turns the varying humor rose,
In joys exalted, or in horrors froze.
Yet still supreme majestic genius swayed,
Pregnant with life, tho' nourished in the shade,
And where he reigned, beyond the world's control
One centred motion shook the bounding soul.

Thus when the host of warlike NICIAS bled, (3)
And SYRACUSE entombed the Grecian dead,
What time her chiefs in victory's proud command
With lawless outrage mocked the vanquished band,
To quarried cells consigned a hopeless few,
Whom glutted vengeance saved from murder's crew ;
Lo ! on their ears as tones of tragic woe
From attic lips in mournful pathos flow,
Forgot their ire, by fiction's gifts subdued,
They weep, they melt, in pity's tenderest mood,

Grant the rich boon to fancy's peerless train,
Which valor asked, which justice claimed in vain,
The destined slaves to freedom's joys restore,
And waft the captives to their native shore.

So oft traditionary tales rehearse
The wonderous powers of music and of verse ;
How LINUS sung, how ORPHEUS' magic lyre
Moved the live rocks, and quelled the tiger's ire ;
How Runic bards prophetic ills foretold,
And chanted witchery brought the age of gold.

But hence such dreams ; truth's faithful page shall tell
Of themes more glorious, than the wizard's spell ;
Shall tell of powers, which animate the great
To brave the terrors of impending fate,
With love and nature charm in SAPPHO'S lays,
In HOMER thunder, and in PINDAR blaze,

Unawed in BRUTUS seek the hero's fate,
Or calmly perish at the Grecian strait ! (4)

Span, if thou durst, the mighty march of mind,
Its views how vast, its projects unconfined !
Then trace the source, whence mental grandeur rose,
Its orbit measure, and its height disclose.
No flowery paths, to win aspiring youth,
Marked the bold route to scientific truth ;
Slow moved invention many a tardy year,
Toil led the van, and patience closed the rear !

Since first the twilight gleamed on eastern plains,
Where studious MAGI taught admiring swains,
What darkling length of ages rolled away,
Ere modern genius lit the perfect day,
Traced the fleet planets on their march profound,
Their laws unfolded, and their wanderings bound !

But once achieved, tho faithless to its trust,
The lettered marble crumble with the dust,
Tho Vandal rage the breathing arts efface,
And kings and empires slumber in disgrace,
The brilliant enterprise of thought shall claim
Thro every age imperishable fame.

Then, if thy soul this, groveling scene transcends,
And pants for truths, immortal science lends,
If, winged by fancy to the ebb of days,
Thy rapt ambition asks her noblest praise ;
Give to her sacred shrine perennial rites,
Youth's vigorous days, and manhood's studious nights ;
Turn every page with anxious vigils o'er,
Profuse of thought, and prodigal of lore ;
Nor let the world with strong temptation rife,
Steal thy bright hours from solitary life,
Nor pause, till learning all her gates unfold,
Her altars plundered, and her mysteries told,

Till deep inbreathings all thy soul inspire
With classic virtue, and poetic fire.
So, as the ancient seer from PISCAR's height
Saw burst the promised land in cloudless sight,
Thy raptured glance shall seize the peering ray,
Which ushers in the morn of glory's day,
That day, when genius, all his foes o'erthrown,
Shall rule, like Jove, unrivalled and alone,
Like shadowed time, shall boast no local claim,
Impart all wisdom, and embalm all fame.

But most SECLUSION boasts her strong control
To rouse the energies, which brace the soul,
For centred action nerve the lofty sense,
Inform its courage, and its fires condense !
As from the living pencil's plastic trace
Soft beauty swells, and breathes impassioned grace,
When mellowed tints with deepening shades unite,
And clouds of darkness mist the blaze of light ;

So from the mind expression's flashes start
With coloring warmth beyond the reach of art,
When fancy lifts the veil from memory's eye,
And deep reflection sheds her sombrous dye :
Triumphant virtue scorns the frowns of fate,
Firm, tho oppressed ; tho sad, severely great.

So SCOTIA's queen, while yet with matchless grace (5)
Love's glowing lustres lit her youthful face,
Condemned to pace the sepulchre of joy
By rival pride, which conquered to destroy,
Would oft in memory longlost scenes renew,
More dark by contrast pictured to her view,
And bless confinement, since its rigors gave
Strength to endure, and fortitude to brave.

Yea more, when glory's sun, distained with blood,
Hangs thro the mists, which veil the eternal flood,

When victory's sons the post of danger meet,
And death and havoc crowd the fierce defeat,
Shall bound the soul with life's proportioned fire,
Its sufferings vanquish, and its hopes inspire,
E'en in the chills of death, the dungeon's gloom,
Support its grandeur, and its strength resume.
Exalted triumph, on famed ABRAM's plain
Too dearly purchased by MONTGOMERY slain ! (6)
What tho few years his laurelled brows adorn?
Those years were glory's clear, unsullied morn :
In him kind heaven its richest graces wrought,
The soul of pity, and the blaze of thought ;
Gave to his patriot zeal in war's alarms
The adventurous field, the noblest boast of arms,
In freedom's cause to yield his latest breath,
And bless his country in the hour of death.

How sleep the brave, who gently sink to rest, (7)
Mourned by the virtuous, by their country blest !

Theirs is the sweet reward of praise sincere,
The kind remembrance, and the grateful tear ;
For them shall nations rear the storied bust,
In holiest reverence sacred to their dust :
Nor less the tribute due the generous band,
Who chase the fiends of want from every land,
With ready kindness aid the prisoner's cause,
Melt the harsh soul, and hush the murderous laws,
Mid death and peril urge their bold designs,
And flash hope's lightning thro the midnight mines.
Tho here awhile, detained in sad employ,
They sow in tears, yet shall they reap in joy ;
For them shall village nymphs at sober eve
Of fragrant flowerets many a garland weave ;
The listening orphan pause from infant plays
To hear their deeds rehearsed in funeral lays,
Glow at the sound, and half a hero made,
With pious lisping hymn the sainted shade.

Such thro the prison's dank, unwholesome night,
Where clanking chains the sullen spirit fright,
What time the captive cast his hungry eyes
In fretful question of the dubious skies,
Immortal HOWARD bends his heavenly way, (8)
To wake the fettered slumberer into day ;
In vain lean fever's shivering wails appal,
Slime moulds the vault, and sickness lines the wall,
Intent on deeds divine the martyr flies,
Where the plagued million every moment dies,
Wrings from oppressive power unwilling aid,
And claims the debt to mercy yet unpaid,
With health and friendship cheers the drear abode,
And moves an angel of the pitying god.

Can the dark dungeon e'er those souls confine, (9)
Who draw rich transport from invention's mine ?
Who firm in virtue perils joy to share,
And gain fresh ardor from increased despair ?

Theirs is the light, whose brilliant tints impart
Life to the mind, and vigor to the heart,
With ceaseless lustre print the gloomy cells,
Where, leagued with hate, cadaverous slavery dwells,
And beam reflection's pure, expansive day,
Unquenched by age, uninjured by decay.

Turn your sad glance to ABBAYE's living tomb,
Where scarce the dayspring streaks the swarthy gloom,
But death's cold dew the ghastly cheek o'erspread,
And coils the lank worm hideous round the dead !
No tones of love the drowsy silence cheer,
No voice of friendship dries the prisoner's tear ;
Unholy groans the shrinking soul appal,
And horror's wild throes agonize the wall ;
Of strain'd to madness, misery shrieks her rave,
To curse the murderers of the hopeless brave.

Doomed there to ~~behold~~ by the fiends of power,
 And waste in cold ~~disney~~ the lingering hour,
 While patriot ardor fired her throbbing breast
 To free the slave, and renovate the oppress,
 What buoyed ROLAND, when o'er the opening day (16)
 Stern desolation swept with sanguine sway,
 When on her ears oppression's mandate fell,
 That chained the martyr to the fateful cell?
 What, but that power, whose intellectual light
 Rays heaven's effulgence thro the dead of night,
 With conscious virtue calms the dying slave,
 Glows mid despair, and points beyond the grave,
 To memory's shades imparts a ripening dye,
 More fair, than twilight paints on Hesper's eye,
 And, tho rude horror every scene deform,
 Walks the fierce whirlwind; and enjoys the storm?

So injured RALEIGH, (merit's sad return!) (11)
 Condemned thro many a lingering year to mourn,

Hid in the tower's dull gloom by tyrant pride,
Each solace rifled, and each wish denied,
Still scorned the varied ills his spirit bore,
Still thro each scene the smile of courage wore,
That tranquil smile, unruffled, unsubdued,
Which conscious greatness lends to SOLITUDE.

In vain shall tyrants leagued in arms oppose
The generous virtue, which from freedom flows ;
Vain frowns the prison's ignominious gloom,
The rack of torture, or the scaffold's doom ;
The fearless soul, in blest RETIREMENT nursed,
Still lightens vengeance on the wretch accursed ;
Still bids her thunders round his slumbers roll
With powers more fatal to convulse the soul,
Than o'er the Greeks a dubious terror spread,
When quivering flames enwrap her sweating head,
As struck with life the fierce PALLADIUM stood, (12)
Clashed her huge shield, and bathed her lance in blood,

With startling horrors from the marble broke,
And, strange to tell, in mortal accents spoke !

For this life's priceless forfeit SIDNEY paid,
And daring CORDE bared her righteous blade ; (13)
On Bunker's heights undaunted WARREN bled,
And exiled CATO fearless sought the dead.

Dark was that hour, when through affrighted GAUL
Retreating Science saw her children fall,
Youth, beauty, genius, wit, unnoticed bleed,
And hideous slaughter urge 'the nameless deed' !
Oft the blithe peasant, as with placid mood
He piped his strains near LOIRE's meandering flood,
Saw, shuddering saw, the frequent corse float by,
Nor dared complain, nor vent his bursting sigh ;
Saw, linked in union, float the wedded pair,
Lovely in death, and faithful in despair,

While seemed the hurrying blast with kindred tones
To swell by fits in shrieks, or die in moans !
Most dark that hour, when o'er the loitering SEINE (14)
Stern murder sat in hellish gloom serene,
While stalked fierce massacre from street to street,
Tracing in sanguine print her bloated feet,
Till all her furies roused their vengeance hurled,
And crushed at once the genius of the world !
—E'en yet in mourning learning hangs her head,
And seeks with pilgrim steps her classic dead,
Unsettled glooms her wasted altars veil,
And screams of horror rend the passing gale :
But chase these tears, nor urge these deep complaints,
Returning order hails the martyred saints ;
Yes, deathless shades, your hallowed worth repairs
A life of misery, and an age of cares ;
For you shall fame her richest chaplet twine,
And glory's halo wreath a blaze divine,

While distant worlds confess with voice combined
SECLUSION'S power to nerve the generous mind.

As feels the soul its loftier passions rise,
Nursed in the tranquil shades, the generous skies ;
So fancy wakes, by lonely scenes imprest,
Her wild creations, when the real rest.
Then all her silver tribes, that lightly sport
Round gay illusion's legendary court,
In fiction's dress expand their silken charms,
And bind o'er reason's couch perturbed alarms.

Hence superstition owns her guiding power,
When silence pauses on the evening hour ;
Pants but a breeze along the twilight heath,
Some viewless spirit whispers words of death ;
Hums the hoarse beetle, strangest notes of woe
From airy harps in mournful music flow ;

Flings the deep grove its murmur o'er the stream,
Fays wildly flutter in the moonlight gleam :
' Strange things have happened,' as the village read,
Where yon scathed cypress guards the humbler dead ;
Light spectres there at midnight form their ring,
Dance o'er the graves, and hollow dirges sing ;
Or from the minster's spine the curfew's knell
Tolls for the wandering nighthags, loosed from hell !

Deep felt and awful are the wilder views
Majestic horrors thro the soul transfuse :
The Gothic ruin, stained by impious rite ;
The sullen forest, wrapt in pathless night ;
Stupendous heights, whose towering shoulders bear
The ponderous heavens, and weigh them in the air ;
The gathering torrents, down the vales which sweep,
Or course impetuous o'er the eternal steep ;
All, touched by fancy's living virtue, roll
Terrific visions thro the startled soul,

Wake from its sleep the spectre's troubled rave,
 Heard mid the whirlwind, shrieked along the wave,
 Or mould gigantic forms, whose powers unseen
 With mystic wonders crowd the fearful scene.

So, cherished still beyond the farthest TWEED, (15)
 Linger the awful forms of Celtic creed,
 Unbodied forms, in essence pure who float
 On the wild blast, and guide its fitful note ;
 Roll the gray mists along the lonely grave, (16)
 Where dwell unsung the spirits of the brave ;
 Sigh thro the harp with many an accent shrill,
 And dart loose meteors on the misty hill ;
 Or, when red clouds the ethereal vault deform,
 Launch the fierce flash, and scoop the vellied storm,
 Shake from their flaming locks the dewy vest,
 And scatter terror round the guilty breast.
 There too in grisly state the KELPIE sits, (17)
 Drinks the wrecked seaman's cries, and laughs by fits ;

Or, while the tempest scours the troubled deep,
Hung o'er some whirlpool, rocks himself to sleep.

Well suits such dread belief the kindred clime,
Vast and abrupt, stupendous and sublime ;
Here, caverned crags with ponderous horror bend ;
There, dismal heaths their barren lengths extend ;
Wild echoes scream, impetuous torrents roar,
And mists and glooms obscure the frithy shore.
Unholy haunts ! where, clothed in murky frowns,
The sullen year its lurid season crowns,
And scarce the sunlight, shorn of many a ray,
Looks thro the haze a dun, disastrous day.

Hence oft the Thane from Bendoran's huge brow (18)
With dizzy wonder marks the world below,
Sees thro mishappen fogs the wEIRD train
Sail o'er the clouds in lightning and in rain,

And, while his zeal the awful scene sublimed,
Portends impending woes and funeral times.

But where the classic AYR, the lucid CLYDE
Wind thro the sloping vales their murmuring tide,
True to the site, a gentler genius reigns, (19)
The elfin empress of the pastoral plains.
Here Gothic sprites, on pensive errands seen,
Disturb the ghostly hours of HALLOWEEN ; (20)
Or, leagued with witchcraft, strangest feats perform,
Wilder the traveller's path, and brew the storm ;
Lead the wild corse light round the ~~omened~~ grave, (21)
Dance in the bog, or whistle on the wave ;
Or, bent on mischief, round some pillow creep,
To ride their nightmare thro the virgin's sleep.
There too disport, for gambols deftly dight,
The silver legions of ARABIA's sprite :
Winds her blithe horn, and, lo, the busy troop
Trail in light meteors many a fiery whoop ;

On posting glow worms wing some soft desire,
And breathe from ruby lips innocuous fire ;
With mellow warbles charm the curious ears,
Or weave of moonlight hues pellucid tears :
Strikes her fine wand, and, clad in tunics blue,
Her armoured warriors pass their bright review,
Attendant graces, veiled in gauzy snow,
With tiptoe kiss salute them row by row ;
Heaven, earth, and ocean, laugh with centred mirth,
For fairy spells pervade, heaven, ocean, earth !

Delicious visions ! oft in days of old
To valiant knights, and courtly damsels told ;
In holy credence round the poet's eyes
Ye swim in fancy's gay, translucent guise ;
Ye raised his strains, and while your forms divine
Shot thro his soul, and lit his breathing line,
His magic genius caught the dazzling view,
And deeply painted, what he felt was true.

Nor rashly cherished deem the vulgar thought
From local glooms, and native scenery caught :
Oft shall the hymn, to fancied sprites address,
Wake gentler virtues in the barbarous breast,
Oft lend to truth the passions' subtler aid,
Arrest the fell design, the murderous blade :
The untutored soul thro all its senses feels,
Acts, what they urge, and, what they teach, reveals.

Hence too devotion e'er with fondest love
Sought the deep glen, and lingered in the grove ;
There mid the sylvan shades her temples reared,
By silence hallowed, and by glooms endeared ;
For there her guardian gods in mystic lays
Unfolded heavenly truths to mortal gaze.

So NUMA loved the consecrated grots; (22)
Where holy sybils wove their fatal knots ;

Drew deep instruction from their shadowy page,
To govern realms, and form the rising age.

So mid the caves of MONA's rifted heights
The darkbrowed DRUID spelled his troubled rites, (23)
With strange prophetic skill the fates explored,
And trembling uttered, what the spirit poured ;
Or hymned his wild song round the muttering coast,
To lure deep madness from the screamful ghost.

Sweet, as the gentlest dews of heaven distil,
Religion's dictates meet the chastened will ;
Her zeal most prompt the moral powers to raise,
By prayer exalt them, and refine by praise !
But when the soul, to pious musings given,
Marks in prophetic dreams the hand of heaven,
When wrapt devotion feels a sacred spring
Her flights ennoble, and her fancies wing,

If oft indulged, where local glooms conspire,
Disordered passions sting with fierce desire,
Wild frenzies seize, tumultuous transports roll,
And holy madness rules the unsettled soul.

Ye hallowed domes, thro many a darkling race
The sad retreats of learning in disgrace,
Yet doomed to hear the bigot's reverend creed
By sainted errors urge some impious deed,
Who bade your drear and funeral spires invade
The mountain solitudes, and cypress shade ?
Who bade ascetic vows your votaries keep,
And penant service haunt the hours of sleep ?
The virgin's bloom in vaults unheeded pine,
When heaven and earth pronounced her charms divine ?
Sure the same power, by museful fancy fed,
Which thro the desert wilds ST. FRANCIS led ; (24)
By passion's ties round lovelier ARMELLE twined, (25)
And touched thro sense the young enthusiast's mind ;

With zeal's warm life ecstatic visions drew,
Poured inspiration on the BRAMIN's view ;
Led HINDOO's damsel to the funeral pile (26)
A willing victim of religious guile ;
With awful rage the Delphic PYTHIA fired,
Spoke in her strains, and all her rites inspired.

Cursed was that hour, when first the passions brewed (27)
Their cowed fiend, monastic SOLITUDE !
Thence rose the hags, whose persecuting breath
Consigned whole millions to the torturing death,
On holy pretexts bared the murderer's blade,
Slaughtered with CHARLES, with INNOCENT betrayed : (28)
Thence rose the lusts, which, hot from convent rage,
With nameless crimes polluted many an age,
And, still to nature true, with meek pretence
Absolved the pious frauds of gluttoned sense.

Say, at the hour when night her sabbath keeps,
And scarce a whisper o'er the greensward creeps,
Why pensive THOMSON wooed the willing muse, (29)
Who round his lays her rich profusion strews ?
Why solemn YOUNG thro shattered aisles would stray,
And wear in moral thought his life away ?
Grief haunts the shade, and active wisdom pours
Her purest streams, when silence rules the hours.

So GIBBON loved, retired from censure's ken, (30)
To muse with wisdom on the deeds of men !
Mid pensile shades, whence broad GENEVA glides
Mild, as the zephyr sleeping on his tides,
Oft would the studious sage delighted pore
On themes of Attic wit, or Roman lore ?
For there reflection every image caught,
Gave force to truth, and eloquence to thought.

And hence the charms poetic genius gleans
From grandeur's bold, or beauty's polished scenes ;
His eye can trace creation's beauties o'er,
Illume the dark, the faded hues restore ;
Art, science, nature, aid his swift career,
The torrents lift him, and the tempests cheer ;
True to his natal clime, refined or rude,
His varying numbers seize the varying mood,
Imbued with vivid life his paintings start,
Strong, daring, rich, and fasten on the heart.

All powerful Muse ! in OSSIAN's darling strain
How swell thy notes by turns with joy and pain ;
Now, clothed in night, death's inexpressive form
Howls in the blast, and thunders in the storm ;
Now slow and wan in melancholy lays
Float the loose forms of memory's elder days :
Sweet was his gentle harp, on Morven's height
Were heard its moanings thro the misty night !

And are all fled, the Celtic bards sublime,
Whose chanted music dwelt in other time ?
Sunk in the valley's deep, oblivious shade,
No customary honors to their relics paid ?
Yet shall their strains, conceived in ancient lore,
By fancy cherished, kindle every shore,
Inspire those grand, ideal views, which raise
Deep inspiration and poetic praise,
With holy workings urge the daring soul,
In horrors freeze it, or in frenzies roll !

So fiercely wild, and passionately great,
The Northern warriors dwell in gloomy state : (31)
High swells the harp, and crowds on crowds arise
Heroes in battle famed, in council wise ;
Thick round the bard the panting audience throng,
Loud pour his forceful strains in funeral song ;
He sings the chiefs, whose daring valor bled
In victory's arms on mountains of the dead.

" Spirits, advance ; beyond the western main
" Ye hunt the deer, and scour the woody plain,
" In lofty halls the smoking feast consume,
" Drink the full bowl, and puff the votive fame :
" No more the shell awakes at danger's call,
" No more the warwhoop sounds the hero's fall,
" At ease in airy groups ye weave the dance,
" Bathe the pure streams, or couch the glittering lance ;
" Spirits, advance ; lo, on the flying cloud
" Ye ride sublime, in awful grandeur proud,
" Smile, while the windharp flings its thrilling strain,
" And point your sons to worlds beyond the main !
" We come, we come, the welcome pipe prepare,
" Skulls of slain foes shall grace your halls of air."
Fired at the sounds, the warriors clash their shield,
And ask once more the perils of the field ;
Brisk pants the youth, the aged melt in tears,
And mourn their valor lost with perished years :

But softer songs succeed, the minstrel bows,
Love guides his hand, and passion speaks her vows,
He hymns the fair, and still the strain prolongs,
Till bursts resistless praise from thousand tongues :
Such bards, such chiefs, creative grandeur forms,
Nursed in the wilds, and cradled in the storms,
They draw from nature's works inspiring zeal,
And souls of passion join to nerves of steel.

Grandeur may dazzle with its transient glare
The herd of folly, and the tribe of care,
Who sport and flutter thro their listless days,
Like motes, that bask in summer's noontide blaze,
With anxious steps round vacant splendor while,
Live on a look, and banquet on a smile ;
But the firm race, whose high endowments claim
The laurel wreath, that decks the brow of fame ;
Who born, when passion kindled wild desire,
Express with frenzy, and conceive with fire,

Or, warmed by sympathy's electric glow,
In rapture tremble, and dissolve in woe,
Blest in RETIREMENT scorn the frowns of fate,
And feel a transport, power can ne'er create.

So the great chief, who led her patriot host,
When war's red millions thronged Columbia's coast,
Retired from state, like famed SALONA's sage,
With rural pleasures cheered declining age.
——While CHARLES's Minstrels raise their epic lay, (3'
With wealth of fancy copious, as the day,
To listening worlds proclaim his deeds sublime,
And give the hero's name to deathless time ;
Thou, fair POTOMAC, whose green banks beside
Rest the rich relics of our country's pride,
Shalt often hear his hallowed requiem roll,
Breathed from impressive eloquence of soul,
Shalt often mark around his sacred heap
The hoary pilgrim bend, and bend to weep,

And bless the veteran, as he lingers there,
Leant on his crutch to ~~hear~~ his soul in prayer.

What if the proud with high disdain deride
The hamlet rude, the peasant's humbler pride ;
More real greatness marks his honest mind,
Tho low in manners, and in thoughts confined,
Whose opening soul to misery lends a sigh,
And wipes the tear from cold misfortune's eye,
To friendless merit lends a cheer respect,
And shields unlettered genius from neglect,
Than all the minions, who on fortune wait
To feed the luxury of lazy state.

The artless Swiss each morn his toil renews,
And gaily whistles, as he skims the dews,
High mid the Alps his rustic carol swells,
Heard mid the tinklings of the wild sheep bells ;

In vain around the darkling vapors roll,
To quench his sweet tranquillity of soul ;
O'er the cleft precipice when thunders sleep,
And lightnings frolic with tremendous leap,
Perched on the clouds, which round his cottage float,
He tracks with daring steps the chamóis-goat ; (33)
Though far above the Avalanche impend,
And at his feet the cracking icerift bend,
Unmoved he climbs along with heedless cheer,
In jokes more merry, than the muleteer ;
Sees unappalled the torrent's headlong way,
And mocks the rainbow, arching o'er its spray :
Or, when mild evening shades the blushing scene,
With village dances charms the merry green,
O'er his young offspring bends with silent care,
And cheers with tales of love his favorite fair.

Blest haunts of nature, where contentment's reign
Breathes smiling pleasures o'er the healthy plain,

May no rude ruffian e'er your peace annoy,
Or blight the blossoms of domestic joy.

Yet nursed too long e'en SOLITUDE may shed
A sickly musing, and distempered dread,
On souls of softer mould with horrors prey,
And steep in blood the elements of day.

Pass but yon cave, where dimly left behind
Gleam the last ruins of the lofty mind :
Lo, what strange looks of wild disorder press,
What sullen jealousies, what fierce distress !
How blest, if madness ruled the troubled brain,
Nor left one glimmering sense to feed its pain !
Here every hour with deadly phantoms teems,
Ideal woes, and misbegotton dreams,
While strong, as fate, the hydra evil swims
With palsyng horror thro the shivering limbs !

On the crushed soul bloat hypochondria sits,
Starts into rage, or broods in sullen fits,
With shapeless monsters crowds the savage scene ;
Hell vomits flames, and demons float between.

Nor happier they, whom morbid cares oppress,
Whom pleasures court not, nor affections bless ;
Who look on nature's charms with loathsome eye,
Wrapt in the spleen of black misanthropy.
No health for them the fragrant breeze bestows,
No music warbles, and no rapture flows ;
The breathing scenes, by fancy's pencil caught,
The muse's grandeur, and the sage's thought,
Impart no relish to their fretful sense,
Where dark disorder grows with impotence !

On human life what maladies attend,
Crowd every walk, and darken to the end !

Here Spain's famed monarch, humbled to the dust, (34)
Pines lone and friendless in austere ST. JUST ;
Religious fears life's sad remains consume,
And monks and missals haste him to the tomb.
There, where invention all his glory shed,
Where learning triumphed o'er the lettered dead,
Great HALLER kneels with superstitious glare, (35)
And moody TASSO parleys with the air.

Kind be the heart to sufferings such, as these,
Fixed by despair, and nourished by disease ;
Let pitying love her sweetest braid inweave,
And learn to pardon, where she scarce can grieve.

But ye, whom gentler fates unite to please
With wholesome friendship, and domestic ease,
Why will ye scorn the proffered boon, and brood
In peevish gloom, and harsh solicitude ?

Why will ye squander life's best years away,
To tender griefs a melancholy prey ?
Why will ye seek the soothing shades, and there
Mark but the demon of disturbed despair ?
What if your modest merit ' blush unseen,'
Like some wild flower neglected on the green ;
If splendid fortune spurn your fond embrace,
While fools and minions gain the pensioned place ;
If smiling love disdain your youthful heart,
Or flattered passion yield to treacherous art ;
Are these all painless ? SOLON'S warning voice
Shall point, how vain the Lydian monarch's choice ;
The curse of fame deserted LUCAN prove,
And GREY bewail the hour, that crowned her love. (36)

Then from your lips let cheerful hymns ascend,
And hope and joy harmonious pæans blend ;
Leave the dark frown, the minster's sullen pride,
For monks to canonize, and saints divide ;

Such ghostly forms beseech the pious race,
Who dream o'er rubrics, and believe it grace.
But shall young genius, buried from the day,
In low repinings murmur life away ?
Shall slavish fondness curb the generous thought ?
Or envy triumph in the death she wrought ?
Shame to the coward heart, nor more invade
With weak complaints the literary shade :
The charms of love, the smiles of joy are there,
Tears for distress, and kindness for despair ;
There nature's various works shall court the eyes,
And liberal study form for bold emprise ;
There sober reason muse on nobler themes,
Than worldly grandeur, or monastic dreams.

But can seclusion chase the demon's reign,
When madness settles on the burning brain ?
Say, can her art each subtler instinct guide,
That buoys the will on frenzy's fevered tide ?

Thro the fine nerves each thrilling touch dispense,
That links the motions of disordered sense ?
Vain were the toil, she boasts no potent charm
To cool distraction, or its rage disarm ;
Still must the maniac sigh, by woe oppress,
Till passion slumber in the grave's cold rest.
Yet shall her power some secret peace impart,
Some moral solace to the wildered heart,
With tempered sweetness healing balm disclose,
And soften grief, tho not restore repose.

Once did an old monk tell his simple tale,
As erst I wandered round CHAMOUNI's vale, (37)
Thin, scattered locks with silver lustre played
O'er his wan cheeks, and secret care betrayed ;
In tender accents flowed his honied speech,
Alike the heart to mend, the mind to teach ;
And, as he spoke of all his spirit felt,
The griefs, that harrow, and the joys, that melt,

He seemed some angel from the pitying sky,
To link the hallowed trains of sympathy.

‘ Such, stranger, was the scene mine eyes surveyed,
When first I sought CHAMOUNI’s cooling shade ;
As now meek evening o’er the landscape threw
In fainting folds her robe of twilight blue !
High round yon Glaciers clouds of vapor rolled,
And tints of purple glowed with mingling gold ;
Soft murmured ARVE, for not a ruffling breeze
Skimmed its smooth breast, or shook its pensile trees :
The jocund shepherd penned his bleating flock,
And gay songs carolled from the mountain rock :
All, all was peace, enchantment hovered round,
And scarce a footfall pressed the sleeping ground.

‘ Here as I paused the dying scene to sketch,
Far where the dim mist bounds thy vision’s stretch,

Beside yon limpid stream soft music stole,
Breathed in the voice of love, the tone of soul ;
Strange was the note, and as my steps drew near,
Its simple warblings swept my wistful ear ;
When lo, emerging from a chequered shade,
The lovelier minstrel stood in form displayed,
The blush of youth her melting cheek o'erspread,
Where the bright ivory vied with liquid red ;
Clasped in gay folds around her polished waist,
A white robe fluttering marked the limbs, it graced ;
Adown her side a ribboned pipe declined,
And loose her ringlets mantled on the wind.
Sweet, pastoral beauty, unadorned by art,
'Tis yours to charm the eye, to fix the heart.
" Father," she cried, " thy faltering feet decline,
" Come, let me aid thee with the strength of mine ;
" Thy hoary locks the man of care bespeak,
" And I will wipe the cold tear from thy cheek ;

“Low is my cot, and simply good my fare,
“But JULIO dwells with tranquil fondness there ;
“And he shall cheer thee with his song so sweet ;
“Come, father, sojourn in our calm retreat.”

‘Such winning kindness, such benign address,
Might lure a ruffian’s heart to tenderness :
So pure the tones, so warm the language glowed,
As from her trembling lips this welcome flowed,
Saints might have paused from heavenly hymns to hear,
And listening angels lent a raptured ear.

‘My bending steps I urged, as led the guide,
Whose soothing converse constant cheer supplied ;
Her lively taste each blended beauty caught,
And o’er the scene diffused her warmth of thought ;
And not a flower in cultured grace expands,
But gained fresh ripeness from her fostering hands.

Deep from the bosom of a silent dell
Burst on my startled soul the rural cell ;
Yet ere enchantment loosed my first surprise,
Where the charmed Eden met my raptured eyes,
She fled, and, pillowed in her lover's arms,
With throbbing kisses veiled her blushing charms,
" Come, JULIO, welcome to our native home
" You aged hermit, doomed by grief to roam,
" Thy love shall give the weary pilgrim rest,
" And lure each sorrow from his anxious breast,
" And I entranced will hymn the vocal lay,
" To calm his spirit at the eve of day."

 " O ! dear SECLUSION, friend of nuptial joy,
Thine are the sweets of love, that never cloy ;
Vain is the midnight pomp, the masquerade,
Where idiot grandeur flaunts in gay parade ;
One moment here, by years of anguish gained,
Outweighs more wealth, than ever miser feigned ;

Here nature lives, in virtue's form confest,
And wisdom triumphs in her offspring blest.

' Forgive me, stranger, if with prattling care
An old man linger on these visions fair ;
Still glows the scene in nature's living prime,
Its features strengthened with the lapse of time,
And life must close, ere snatched from memory's eye,
One colored beauty fade, one image die.

' But why my thoughts on these fond pictures range ?
What saddening contrast marks the dreadful change !
Here, where I loved at closing day to trace
The sunbeam dancing on the streamlet's face,
While CLARA's pipe, to rapture tuned no more !
Swelled thro the vales, and woke the echoing shore,
The owl's deep scream now frights the plaintive rook,
And brooding silence guards the weedy brook.

‘The mad enthusiast, tranced in thought, will roar
Round the dim precincts of her saddened home,
For JULIO meets her in each opening flower,
Nursed by his hand, that scents the morning hour ;
His plaintive voice is heard in every gale,
Whose hollow murmurs sweep the twilight vale ;
And then she tunes her pipe, and strangely pours
Wild train of sorrow round the glimmering shores,
Strains, such as seraphs wake from heavenly lyres
To chant his requiem, when the saint expires.

‘But when the furies, waked from fitful sleep,
From cloud to cloud in gathered lightnings leap,
While sails on whirlwinds night’s unholy form,
His laugh the thunder, and his shriek the storm ;
On some lone cliff, against whose shaggy rocks
The raving billows beat with deafening shocks,
She sits entranced, while horror’s wrathful fire
Whirls round her cheek, and spends its useless ire,

With muttered transport clasps the forky dart,
And wooes-its flashes to her burning heart.

‘ Yet oft in happier moments will she sit,
To charm my sorrows with her bursts of wit ;
Dear is the stream, that skirts yon mountain’s side
To waft her flowery skiffs athwart its tide ;
There, while her feet along the margin stray,
And o’er the watery waste the blossoms play,
“ Queen Mab,” she shouts, shall guide ye thro the grove
“ To wake with tales of joy my sleeping love.”

‘ But thou shalt see the maniac, and declare
The speechless agony of mad despair :
Yes, thou shalt own SECLUSION’s power to bless
In the dark tumults of supreme distress.’

With solemn pace the hermit bent his way :
Deep bowered in woods the rural cottage lay ;

One pebbly streamlet washed its cultured green,
Where many a shrub in rich undress was seen ;
Eve's fragrant breath diffused its sweetest zest ;
The hermit called, and CLARA stood confest.
Her white robe floated on the buoyant air,
And one green ribbon knit her auburn hair ;
Wreaths of rich flowers her pallid temples bound ;
Her step was thoughtful, and her look profound.
Soon her quick eyes athwart the stranger flew,
He seemed young JULIO, imaged to her view ;
" Ah, do not weep, my love shall never fade :"
She turned unthinking, and her sad pipe played.

" My JULIO lies in yonder grave,
Wild roses grace the turf so sweet,
And weeping willows kiss the wave,
That lightly trickles round his feet.

" His gentle bosom knew no strife,
For peace and love were cherished there,
And calm, as summer, flowed his life,
His death has caused my heart's despair.

" Oh, when shall I, my JULIO, rest
Beside thyself in pure repose ?
When shall the blossoms o'er my breast
Shed their rich balm at evening's close.

" I hear thy pensive spirit call ;
Soon, soon shall CLARA come away ;
Haste, haste, the dews of darkness fall,
And bear me to the realms of day."

She paused ; and, bending o'er a rude urn, prayed,
Shed bitter tears, and blest the parted shade ;
The MONK embraced her to his aged breast,
Then waved adieu, and fled his weeping guest.

Hail, classic SOLITUDE, who lovest to dwell
With dreaming memory in her haunted cell,
To fame's bright temple leadest the aspiring way,
And pourest on sleeping truth the blaze of day,
Come, o'er thy votary's wayward fate preside,
To guard his footsteps from the haunts of pride.

Each gay pursuit, each dream of grandeur fled,
Whose treacherous light with cheating hopes misled,
Be mine, retired in some sequestered grot,
'The world forgetting, by the world forgot,'
Thro the sweet paths of ancient lore to rove,
My study, nature, and my object, love ;
To trace the secret cause, whose power connects
Each moving impulse with evolved effects,
Thro every form, which life or motion sways,
To essence subtler, than the mental rays ;
'By moral musings social feelings start,
And mould to truth the sympathies of heart ;

So may the cherub peace perchance return
To smoothen my passage through this drear sojourn.

O ! may my life, to such pure manna true,
Bless, as it glides, and sooth me in review,
By calm research, where truth and sense preside,
My wishes temper, and my actions guide ;
O ! may each taste, that mellows or endears,
Hold fond communion with my blameless years,
Each liberal science lend its lucid aid
To cheer the minstrel's philosophic shade,
And friendship oft with willing feet repair
To smile away the hours in welcome there.

How happy he, whose generous leisure knows
In rural scenes its pleasures and repose !
Blest with alternate sway of pure employ,
The studious reverie, the guileless joy,

Unmoved may he behold his hours decay,
Nor urge their flagging speed, nor chide ~~day~~ ;
Calm in ~~ambition~~, rich in various lore,
As fancy wills, may every age explore,
With PLATO muse the philosophic theme,
With TULLY moralize, with SIDNEY dream,
Or charmed thro many a soothing page to roam,
Make feeling, sympathy, and love, his home ;
Him shall no dangers frighten or oppress,
Above the frown of power and false caress ;
Resigned, yet cheerful, active, yet serene,
With silent dignity he quits the scene ;
Hope gently slopes the way to life's release,
His glory brightening, till it sets in peace.

So in retirement may my years decline,
Truth light the path, and studious taste refine ;
May no wild passions e'er disturb my breast,
But wisdom sanction, what the heart has blest ;

The smiles of love, the peace of thought befriend,
Cheer my sick couch, and brighten to my end ;
And o'er the turf spring's earliest blossoms wave,
When moonlight slumbers on my tranquil grave.

And thou, fair POESY, whose visions wild
My youth's fond sorrows brightened and beguiled,
Thou, who delightest to roam, where twilight reigns
In silent sadness o'er the glimmering plains,
Along the moonwitched wave thy lyre to sweep,
Calling light phantoms from the shadowy deep ;
Or, rocked in storms, thy fearful hands to fling
With hurried madness o'er the quivering string,
The deepened notes of mystic sorcery swell,
And wake strange concord from the demon's yell ;
If e'er I marked thee, veiled in purple sheen,
On clouds of lightning walk the breezy green,
ARUN's fair banks with sainted OTWAY tread, (38)
Or garland laurels round young COLLINS' head,

Kiss from his cheek the tear of melting woe,
And fondly lull him on thy neck of snow ;
If e'er I marked thee haunt the holy plain,
Where he, the woecrazed SUICIDE, is lain,
Hymning, " oh drop the briny tear with me,
" My true love sleeps beside yon willow tree ;" (39)
Attend indulgent to thy suppliant's prayer,
And be his humble muse thy favoured care,
Still let thy presence o'er his fate preside,
His sweetest solace, and his darling pride.
O ! call thy minstrels from the rapturous shores,
Whence silver streams enamoured ARNO pours, (40)
Poized on his sapphire car, while Nereids lave
His golden tresses in the sparkling wave,
Lists native music, warbled o'er his tide
In the full melody of lyric pride ;
Bid them SECLUSION's wondrous powers rehearse,
And strike the impetuous chords of lofty verse ;

**So memory's train shall burst their magic trance,
And fancy wake the spirits of romance,
Till in full strains to her the song aspire,
Queen of the thoughts, and empress of the lyre.**

END OF THE SECOND PART.



NOTES

ON THE FIRST PART.



NOTE I.

Hence o'er the spot, where rest the storied dead, &c.

THE influence of association is thus finely depicted
by Akenside.

“ Such is the secret union, when we feel

A song, a flower, a name, at once restore

Those long connected scenes, where first they moved

The attention ; backward thro her mazy walks

Guiding the wanton fancy to her scope,

To temples, courts, or fields, with all the band

Of painted forms, of passions and designs

Attendant ; whence, if pleasing in itself,

The prospect from that sweet accession gains
Redoubled influence o'er the listening mind."

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

NOTE II.

The Grecian hero paused to weep and pray.

When Alexander had crossed the Hellespont in his march into Asia, he paused at the tomb of Achilles on the promontory of Sigeum, and after garlanding his tomb with flowers, and paying divine honours to his memory, exclaimed, that he considered Achilles chiefly happy in having a friend, like Patroclus, and a poet, like Homer. *Atque iis tamen cum in Sigeo ad Achillis tumulum adstitisset ; O ! fortunate, inquit, adolescens, qui tuæ virtutis Homerum præconem inveneris ! Et vere, nam nisi Ilias illa extitisset, idem tumulus, qui corpus ejus contexerat, nomen ejus obruisset. Cic. pro Archiâ poetâ—Plut. in Alex.*

NOTE III.

Thro CORNEAN portals pass in bright review.

The allusion here to the Cornean gate, and in a subsequent page to the Ivory gate, is explained in the following lines :

Sunt geminæ somni portæ ; quarum altera fertur

Cornea, quâ veris facilis datur exitus umbris :

Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto ;

Sed falsa ad coelum mittunt insomnia manes.

ÆNEID VI. 893.

NOTE IV.

No fine enchantments, raised at WIELAND's call,

Convene her shadowy train to fancy's hall.

Wieland, the darling of the German muse, by turns sweet, affecting, magnificent, sublime, commanding, terrible : the favorite of fancy, to whom she unveiled her most beautiful forms, drest in the voluptuous-

ness of the loves, and the translucent snow of the graces. His works

—nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,

Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

OVID. METAM.

NOTE V.

Ambitious SYLLA roams a restless ghost.

After his abdication of the dictatorship Sylla retired to a solitary retreat at Puteoli, where he spent the remainder of his life in riot and debauchery. The most vile pimps, and low profligates were the companions of his pleasures ; and it is observed of him, that like Marius, he endeavored to destroy the stings of conscience by continual intoxication. His excesses brought on the most disgusting distempers, and he expired a dreadful instance of vice and villany.

PLUT. IN SYLLÆ VITA.

NOTE VI.

Like fair APEGA, ask a false embrace.

Apega was a beautiful statue contrived by the tyrant Nabis to punish those, who refused their wealth to his rapacity. In its bosom were concealed numerous daggers, which by secret springs, while it embraced, stabbed the destined victim.

NOTE VII.

To spare the person, yet detest the deed.

Licuit, semperque licebit

Parcere personis, dicere de vitiis. HOR.

NOTE VIII.

Ask not, in beauty's prime why VALIERE strove.

By pious vows to quench the throb of love.

Madame La Valiere, an unfortunate mistress of Louis XIV, retired to a convent of Carmelites ; that last retreat (to use the words of Voltaire) for tender

minds, which are not subdued by profound sentiments and reflections. She thought that heart, which had been engaged to her lover, ought henceforth to be dedicated to heaven.

VOLTAIRE'S LEWIS XIV. 2 VOL.

The following extract is from the brilliant pen of Miss Helen Maria Williams. "While I gazed at her (Mad. Valiere's) picture, I lamented that sensibility, which led into the most fatal errors a mind, that seems to have been formed for virtue, and which even in the bosom of pleasure bewailed its own weakness. How can one forbear regretting, that the capricious, inconstant monarch, to whom she gave her heart, should have inspired a passion, of which he was so unworthy : a passion which appears to have been wholly unmixed with interest, vanity, or ambition."

LETTERS FROM FRANCE.

NOTE IX.

Where the cold coffin guards its virgin's sleep,

——“ We begged to know the rules of the convent.

A hollow voice answered, that the Carmelites rose at four in summer and five in winter ; that they slept in their coffins upon straw, and every morning dug a shovel full of earth for their graves ; that they walked to their devotional exercises upon their knees ; that when any of their friends visited them, if they spoke, they were not suffered to be seen, or if they were seen, they were not suffered to speak : that with them, it was always a fast, and they only tasted food twice a day.”

WILLIAMS' (HELEN) LETTERS FROM FRANCE.

NOTE X.

Else, when bold freedom late in thunder's voice

Burst their dim cells, and bade the dead rejoice.

At the late reduction of the French convents, a

large proportion of the nuns entreated their liberators to allow them to pass the remnant of their days in those gloomy habitations of religion. The reader may find the facts related with many affecting incidents in Dr. Moore's Journal thro France, I. 244.

NOTE XI.

Yet lo, what sadness wastes his shrivelled cheek !

This very affecting scene, which took place in the beginning of the reign of Louis XVI, is beautifully narrated by the elegant Mercier. The whole is too long for insertion here ; but I cannot forbear the two following extracts.

“ Dans leur nombre étoit un vieillard, qui depuis quarante-sept années gémissoit, detenu entre quatre épaisses & froides murailles. Durci par l'adversité, qui fortifie l'homme, quand elle ne le tue pas, il avoit supporté l'ennui & les horreurs de la captivité

avec une constance mâle & courageuse. Les chevaux blancs & rares avoient acquis presque la rigidité du fer, & son corps plongé si long tems dans un cercueil de pierre, en avoit contracté, pour ainsi dire, la fermeté compacte.

“ Accablé de douleur, il va trouver le minister, dont la compassion genereuse lui fit present d’une liberté, qui lui pese. Il s’incline, & dit ; faites-moi reconduire dans la prison, d’ou vous m’avez tiré. Qui peut survivre à ses parens, à ses amis, à une génération entiere ? Qui peut apprendre le trepas universel des siens sans desirer le tombeau ? Toutes ces morts, qui pour les autres hommes, n’arrivent, qu’en detail et par gradation, m’ont frappé dans un meme instant. Séperé de la société, je vivois avec moi-meme. Ici, je ne puis vivre ni avec moi, ni avec les hommes nouveaux, pour qui mon desespoir n’est qu’un rêve. Ce n’est pas mourir,

qui est terrible, c'est mourir le denier. Tableau de Paris, tom III. 291.

NOTE XII.

So hapless ELOISE, whose passioned lines

Breathe the pure sense, that softens and refines.

Eloisa, the learned and unfortunate mistress of Abelard, was one of the most beautiful women of the twelfth century. She has been celebrated for her wit and accomplishments, and is still remembered with enthusiasm, on account of her unfortunate passion. After a series of misfortunes in which she was involved with Abelard, she retired to the convent of Argenteuil, and he to the monastery of St. Gildas. Here commenced their celebrated correspondence after years of separation; a correspondence, which is tender and pathetic; and exhibits sentiments of the purest devotion mingled with the luxuriance of passion.

NOTE XIII.

Desponding PETRARCH sought VAUCLUSA's shade.

In a delightful and romantic country was situated the enchanting solitude of Vaucluse. The river Sorgia watered the valley, which embraced it, and the scenery around exhibited alternately the tranquillity of the vale of Tempé, and the sublime of the Appenines. In this retreat did Petrarch spend twenty years of his life, in endeavouring to overcome his passion for the lovely Laura, and in musing on the relics of classic learning. For this he quitted the seductive charms of society ; and in retirement he composed those works, which have conferred on him a deserved immortality.

See the LIFE OF PETRARCH.

NOTE XIV.

Seen is her form, as when in proud ST. CLAIRE

The lovely damsel blushed divinely fair.

“Petrarch first beheld Laura, as she was going to the church of the monastery of St. Claire. She was dressed in green, and her gown was embroidered with violets. Her person was delicate, her eyes tender and sparkling, and her eyebrows black as ebony. Golden locks waved over her shoulders whiter than snow, and the ringlets were woven with the fingers of love. Nothing was so soft as her looks, so modest as her carriage, so touching as the sound of her voice. An air of gaiety and tenderness breathed around her; but so pure and happily tempered, as to inspire every beholder with the sentiments of virtue; for she was chaste, as the spangled dewdrop on the thorn. Such was the description given of this divine woman by her enslaved lover.”

ZIMMERMAN ON SOLITUDE.

NOTE XV.

More sweet, than ARIEL's strains enchanted stole.

"This music crept by me upon the waters,

"Allaying both their fury and my passion

"With its sweet air.

SHAKESPERE'S TEMPEST.

NOTE XVI.

More soft, than MEMNON's harp its music plays,

Trilled by the sportive touch of orient rays.

The statue of Memnon in his temple at Thebes held a lyre in its hands, which is stated to have saluted the rising sun with cheerful tones and the setting sun with melancholy ones. Darwin's BOTANIC GARDEN, note viii. in the additional notes.

NOTE XVII.

So, where gay HAGLEY, drest in sylvan pride.

Hagley Park was the seat of the Hon. Lord Lytton.

telton, whose elegy on the death of his lady, reflects equal lustre on the merit of the wife, and the faithful sensibility of the husband.

NOTE XVIII.

So plaintive SHAW in grief's spontaneous strain.

The tender monody and sweet address to the Nightingale by Shaw are masterpieces of their kind. It may with truth be asserted, that nothing in our language exceed their pathos and melancholy simplicity. There is a charm in the following stanza addressed to the nightingale, which it were useless to describe ; it speaks to the feelings in a language, which can never be mistaken.

Say dost thou mourn thy ravished mate,

That oft enamoured on thy strains hath hung ?

Or has the cruel hand of fate

Bereft thee of thy darling young ?

Alas ! for both I weep :

In all the pride of youthful charms,
A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms !
A lovely babe, that should have lived to bless,
And fill my doting eyes with frequent tears,
At once the source of rapture and distress,
The flattering prop of my declining years !
Then oh ! our comforts be the same
At evening's peaceful hour,
To shun the noisy paths of wealth and fame,
And breathe our sorrows in this lonely bower.

NOTE XIX.

And cut the knot, he never could untie.

In allusion to the knot of Gordius. The oracles declared, that the empire of Asia was destined for him, who untied it. Alexander, in passing Gordium, cut it with his sword in order to animate his

soldiers ; and thus determined the fulfilment of the prophecy.

GILL. GREECE IV. 275.

NOTE XX.

Fond hope, as life decays, with sweet control

To fancy's dreams shall harmonize the soul.

The beautiful sentiment inscribed on Miss Dolman's urn at the Leasowes might be here most strikingly applied.

Heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam
tui meminisse !

Akenside was not unmindful of these sentiments and has drawn a fine portrait of their effect.

——Ask the faithful youth,

Why the cold urn of her, whom long he loved,

So often fills his arms, so often draws

His lonely footsteps at the silent hour

To pay the mournful tribute of his tears :

O ! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds

Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture.

PLEAS. OF IMAG. II. LINE 682

NOTE XXI.

When fierce in death the rival brothers lay

On the same pyre in Thebes' disastrous day.

It is recorded in history, that when Eteocles and Polynices, the sons of Oedipus, after a most furious engagement were slain, and their bodies conducted to the same funeral pyre, their ashes separated, and the flames rose in two divisions, as if sensible of resentment, and averse from reconciliation. Stat. I. 51. This circumstance is alluded to the following lines of Lucan.

—Vestali raptus ab arâ

Ignis, et ostendens confectas flamma Latinas

Scinditur in partes, geminaque cacumine surgit,

Thebanos imitata rogos.

LIB. I. PHARSALIA.

NOTE XXII.

E'en fair CALYPSO loathed her deathless pride.

Calypso ne pouvoit se consoler du départ d'Ulysse. Dans sa douleur elle se trouvoit malheureuse d'être immortelle. Sa grotte ne résonnoit plus de son chant ; les nymphes, qui la servoient, n'osoient lui parler. Elle se promenoit souvent seule sur les gazons fleuris, dont un printemps éternel borde son île ; mais ces beaux lieux, loin de modérer sa douleur, ne faisoient qui lui rappeler le triste souvenir d'Ulysse, qu'elle y avoit vu tant de fois auprès d'elle.

TELEMAQUE, tom I. lib. I.

NOTE XXIII.

So felt APELLES, when his hand essayed

With trembling touch, to sketch the Persian maid.

The Venus Anadyomené of Apelles was modelled from the form "of the beautiful Campaspé, the favorite mistress of Alexander. The sensibility of Apelles was too deeply penetrated with the charms, which he so successfully expressed. Alexander was no sooner acquainted with his passion, than he made him a present not only of Campaspé, but of his own affection."

GILLIES' GREECE IV. 407. PLINY III. 222, &c.

NOTE XXIV.

Unhappy truth, by kings and slaves confessed,

How sure thy sway shall CROMWELL's fate attest

"Society terrified him, while he reflected on his numerous, unknown, and implacable enemies. Solitude appaled and astonished him, by withdrawing that

protection, which he found so necessary for his security. He was haunted with continual apprehensions, and all composure of mind was flown forever."

HUME'S ENGLAND VII. 284.

NOTE XXV.

False, as the dreams dismissed the IVORY gate.

See ante Note III.

NOTE XXVI.

Ask lovely MAINTENON, when fortune smiled, &c.

"I" (said Mad. Maintenon) "have been young and beautiful, have had a high relish for pleasure, and have been the universal object of love. In a more advanced age, I have passed years in the intercourse of intellectual pleasure. I have at length risen to favour; but I protest to you, my dear girl, that every one of these conditions leaves in the mind a dismal vacuity." Letter to MAD. MAISONFORT.

She often went to the convent of St. Cyr, and spent whole days in melancholy solitude; and after the king's death retired wholly from court.

VOLTAIRE'S LEWIS XIV. II. 61, 62.

NOTE XXVII.

SAVOY's proud monarch turned his pilgrim feet.

Amadeus, duke of Savoy, after a fortunate reign retired to a convent at Ripaille, and spent the remainder of his days in solitary devotion.

MOORE'S TRAVELS, I. 125, II. 286.

NOTE XXVIII.

Yet hear the CALIPH of the bright domain.

The magnificent Abdalrahman, one of the most illustrious princes, who sat on the Cordovan throne. His palaces at Zehrah far exceeded in convenience, lustre, and opulence, the most sumptuous palaces of

modern days. The sagacious Gibbon thus concludes his narration of this fortunate prince.

“In a private condition our desires are perpetually repressed by poverty and subordination ; but the lives and labors of millions are devoted to the service of a despotic prince, whose laws are blindly obeyed, and whose wishes are instantly gratified. Our imagination is dazzled by the splendid picture ; and whatever may be the cool distates of reason, there are few among us, who would obstinately refuse a trial of the comforts and the cares of royalty. It may therefore be of some use to borrow the experience of the same Abdalrahman, whose magnificence has perhaps excited our admiration and envy ; and to transcribe an authentic memorial, which was found in the closet of the deceased caliph. ‘I have now reigned above fifty years in victory and peace ; beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches and honors,

power and pleasure, have waited on my call, nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting for my felicity. In this situation I have diligently numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness, which have fallen to my lot : they amount to *fourteen* ; O man ! place not thy confidence in this present world."

DECLINE and FALL of the ROMAN EMPIRE x. 39.

NOTE XXIX.

We seek a goddess, and embrace a cloud.

Ixion, according to the heathen mythology, was doomed to punishment in the infernal regions for boasting of the favors of Juno, when he embraced a cloud.

NOTE XXX.

Like BELISARIUS begs his daily bread.

Mr. Gibbon is of opinion, that the story of the

beggary of Belisarius, the "date obolum Belisario," is a fiction of modern days. However this be, the lesson inculcated is not less awfully impressive; and the pathetic tale on this subject by Marmon-
tel were worth a whole volume of moral disquisition.

NOTE XXXI.

Meek was ST. AUBIN's soul, his gentle air

Spoke to the searching glance the man of care.

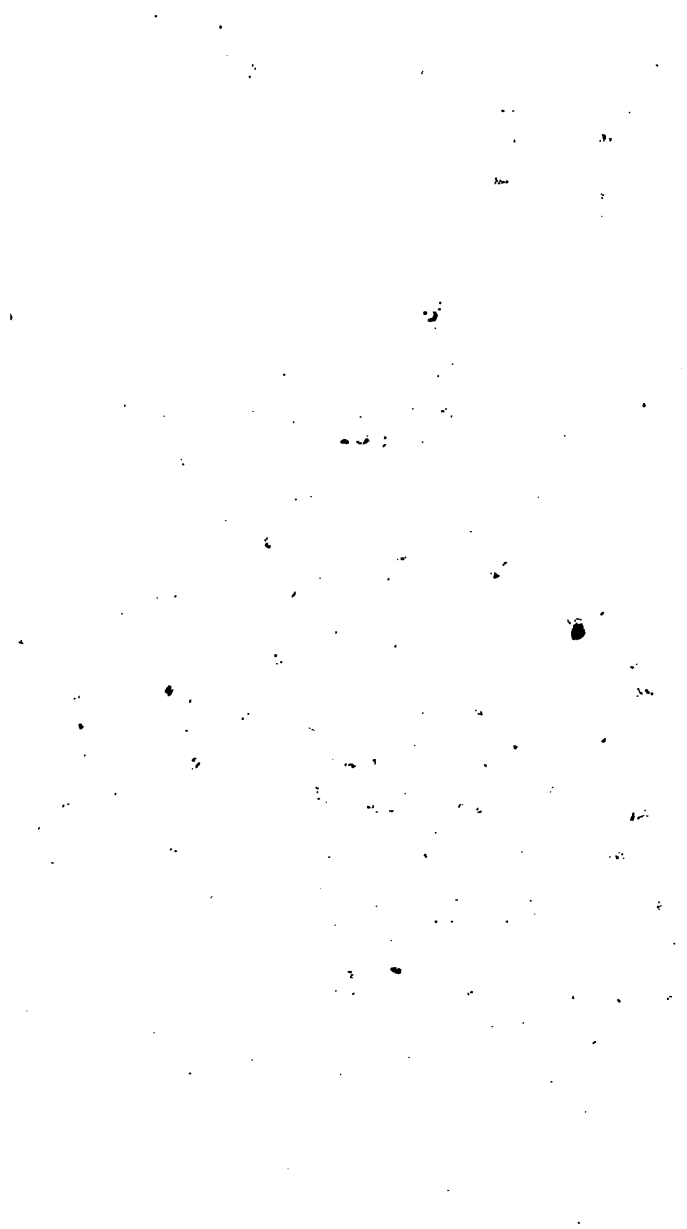
It is but justice to acknowledge that I suspect myself to have drawn the outline of this character from the inimitable model of Goldsmith in the village preacher of his St. Auburn: a poem, which was read with rapture in my early days, and which is still my favorite. Its merit is certainly of the highest kind, whether considered in point of originality, sentiment, or beauty of composition; but above all, it will be admired for those genuine feelings, which it expresses, and which are the sure in-

dications of simplicity of heart, and generosity of character. This is but a humble, though sincere, tribute to the memory of the benevolent Goldsmith, of whom it may be said in his own language,

“ Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway.”

Respecting the tale introduced, it may be observed, that its design was to paint a simple picture of rural life, and the influence of solitude in old age, sickness, and death.

END OF THE NOTES ON THE FIRST PART.



NOTES

ON THE SECOND PART.



NOTE I.

In floating visions round your DARWIN'S head.

DR. Erasmus Darwin, the author of the *Botanic Garden*. Well may he exclaim with Lucretius

——Juvat integros accedere fonteis

Atque haurire ; juvatque novos decerpere flores ;

Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam ;

Unde prius nulli velârunt tempora musæ.

LIB. I. 921.

NOTE II.

In domes, that reasoned, and in groves, that thought.

The Stoa, or Porch was the school of the divine Zeno ; and the academic grove, here alluded to, has ever been celebrated, as the nursery of Grecian glory.

NOTE III.

Thus when the host of warlike NICIAS bled,

And SYRACUSE entombed the Grecian dead.

“ Amidst this dark, and dreadful scene of cruelty and revenge, we must not omit to mention one single example of humanity, which broke forth, like a meteor in the gloom of a nocturnal tempest. The Syracusans, who could punish their helpless captives with unrelenting severity, had often melted into tears at the affecting strains of Euripides, an Athenian poet, who had learned in the Socratic school to adorn the lessons of philosophy with the charms of fancy. The pleasure, which the Syracusans had derived from his

inimitable poetry, made them long to hear it rehearsed by the flexible voice and harmonious pronounciation of the Athenians, so unlike and so superior to the rudeness and asperity of their own Doric dialect. They desired their captives to repeat the plaintive strains of their favorite bard. The captives obeyed : and affecting to represent the woes of ancient kings and heroes, they too faithfully expressed their own. Their taste and sensibility endeared them to the Syracusans, who released their bonds, received them with kindness into their families, and, after treating them with all the honorable distinctions of ancient hospitality, restored them to their longing and afflicted country."

GILLIES' GREECE II. 412. Lond. Edit. 1792.

O ! sacer et magnus vatum labor : omnia fato

Eripis, et populis donas mortalibus avum.

LUCAN. PHARSALIA IX.

NOTE IV.

Or calmly perish at the Grecian Strait !

Nothing could exceed the noble devotion of Leonidas and his three hundred brave Spartans at the straits of Thermopylæ. Deserted by all the other Grecian forces, they disdained flight, and after maintaining a glorious, tho unequal contest, with the whole Persian army, all perished in the defence of the liberties of their country.

“ Happy shades ! one day witnessed your glory ; the same day it was perfected. Your laurels were green on your brows ; they had not time to wither ; and now they never can. Happy shades ! you did not survive your glory ; your passport to fame was thro the splendor of your renown. The moment in which you were all you could be, you ascended to heaven. Happy shades ! your monument is more durable, than marble ; more honorable, than human art has yet raised ; yours is erected in the hearts of your coun-

trymen. Happy shades ! tho you were forbidden to swell the triumph of your fellow citizens ; tho no heavenly vision of your country's approaching liberty softened the agonies of death, and enraptured your departing spirits ; yet you did not depart without your glory ; you did not depart without your triumph. The indignant spirit of your country had declared, that her sons had lived, as long as life was honorable ; you were demanded a sacrifice ; your obedience consummated your glory ; your fall triumphed over death."

The above quotation is from an Oration pronounced at Charlestown, Massachusetts, on the anniversary of the battle of Bunker's Hill, by William Austin, A. B. : an oration which deserves remembrance from its impartiality, its spirit, and its eloquence. It would not have disgraced the reputation of those Grecian orators, of whom Cicero says, "*grandes erant verbis, crebri sententiis, compressione rerum breves.*"

NOTE V.

So SCOTIA's queen, while yet with matchless grace, &c.

From the influence of solitude Mary of Scotland acquired that tender firmness, which shed such distinguished lustre over the horrors of her closing life. She was confined nineteen years by the haughty Elizabeth in the castle of Fotheringay, and during that time wrote many beautiful pieces in prose and verse. For her death and character consult Hume's England V. Russell's Modern Europe III. and Robertson's Scotland II.

NOTE VI.

Too dearly purchased by MONTGOMERY slain!

General Montgomery was killed at the siege of Quebec on the last day of December, 1775. He was an officer of high reputation for generous spirit, and military talents. Beloved by his friends, admired by his enemies, and lamented by the whole

world, he fell in the flower of life with his honors
thick upon him.

—Manibus date lilia plenis ;

Purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani

Munere.

ÆNEID. VI. 888.

NOTE VII.

How sleep the brave, who gently sink to rest.

Imitated from the exquisite little ode of Collins,
beginning

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,

By all their country's wishes blest !

NOTE VIII.

Immortal HOWARD bends his heavenly way.

This gentleman, who sacrificed his fortune, and
at length his life in the cause of humanity, has be-
queathed to posterity a melancholy history of their

species in the enlightened era of the eighteenth century!! See the history of the Lazarettos, &c. and Aikin's LIFE OF HOWARD.

NOTE IX.

Can the dark dungeon e'er those souls confine,

Who draw rich transport from invention's mine ?

Many beautiful illustrations of the composure of men of genius under the most rigorous confinement will readily occur to the classic reader, and forcibly prove the doctrine here inculcated, that solitude gives energy to invention and cheerfulness to the heart, even under the greatest calamities.. Perhaps none are more striking, than the singular felicity of Voltaire composing his *Henriad*, when immured in the Bastile, for aught he knew, for life ; and the merry fortitude of Cervantes depicting the humors of Quixote during a gloomy captivity.

NOTE X.

What buoyed ROLAND, when o'er the opening day

Stern desolation swept with sanguine sway ?

Madame Roland, the eloquent compatriot of the divine Charlotte Cordé, wrote her admirable "Appeal to Posterity," during her confinement in the Abbaye Prison. Perhaps her best eulogium is to declare, that the sublimity of her sentiments was even surpassed by the firmness of her actions. See Desodoard's *Histoire de la Revolution de France*, tom IV. 72.

NOTE XI.

So injured RALEIGH, (merit's sad return !)

" During the thirteen years imprisonment, which he suffered, the sentiments of the nation were much changed with regard to him. Men had leisure to reflect on the hardship, not to say injustice, of his sentence ; they pitied his enterprising spirit, which lan-

guished in the rigors of confinement : they were struck with the extensive genius of the man, who being educated amidst military and naval enterprises, had surpassed in the pursuits of literature, even those of the most recluse and sedentary lives ; and they admired his unbroken magnanimity, which at his age and under his circumstances, would engage him to undertake and execute so great a work, as his history of the world."

HUME'S ENGLAND, VI. 98.

NOTE VII.

As struck with life, the fierce PALLADIUM stood.

Vix positum castris simulacrum ; arsère coruscæ

Luminibus flammæ arrectis ; salsusque per artus

• Sudor iit, terque ipsa solo (mirabile dictu)

Emicuit, parmamque ferens hastamque trementem

ÆNEID. II. 172.

NOTE XIII.

And daring CORDE bared her righteous blade.

"Mary Charlotte Cordé was born at Saint Saturnin, in the department of Orné. Leading at home a retired life, she spent much time in reading ancient history, whence she imbibed a zeal for liberty. Some family affairs had drawn her to Caen, at the time when the young men of that town were enrolling under Wimpfen in order to release the majority of the convention from the overruling jacobins. The idea struck her that a single victim might save many. "I considered, (said the heroine, in a letter, which she wrote from her prison) that so many brave youths were going to Paris for the head of a single man, who did not merit such an honor; and that the arm of a woman might be sufficient." On the scaffold she exhibited the same dignified deportment, and died an illustrious example of virtue, independence, and patriotism. See

Desodoard's *Histoire Philosophique de la Revolution de France*, &c. III. 235.

NOTE XIV.

*Most dark that hour, when o'er the loltering SKIN
Stern murder sat, in hellish glooms serene.*

These, and the subsequent lines, allude to the fall of the Girondists ; which cannot better be described, than in the fine picture of the Monthly Reviewers.

“ When the revolutionary tribunal declared its fatal sentence, Valazé in a transport of indignation poignarded himself in the hall. Brissot, Vergniaud, Gensonné, Lasource, Fonfrede, Ducos, and the others, were led to the scaffold on the next day ; Vergniaud, foreseeing the event, had provided poison for himself : but, observing his young companions Fonfrede and Ducos involved in his misfortune, he gave away the poison, and said, that he would die with them. Altho no one of the sufferers was deceived by a vain hope,

their minds were so much elevated by the splendor of their sacrifice, that it was impossible to approach them with the common place expressions of vulgar consolation. Brissot, grave and calm, behaved like the sage struggling with adversity. The silent Genoué disdained to sully his lips even with the names of his accusers. Vergniaud, often cheerful, would repeat to them from Corneille or others the fine verses with which his memory was stored, or pour forth the last gushes of that powerful eloquence, of which the feeblest stream made tyranny turn pale. The brothers in law, Ducos and Fonfrede, created if possible a yet livelier interest. Their youth, their intimate friendship, their personal beauty, their accomplishments of mind, concurred to render odious the worthlessness of their enemies. Ducos had escaped, but chose to return to prison to share his brother's fate. The tears would burst from their eyes, when they talked of the widows they should leave behind, and of the children about to

suffer ruin for their father's deeds. Each had a young family, and a considerable fortune. This was the first time, says Riouffe, that so many extraordinary persons were massacred together. Youth, beauty, genius, wisdom, virtue, and whatever is estimable among men; was cut down at a blow ; yet who would not be content so to die, in order so to have lived ?”

MONTHLY REVIEW 1797. VOL. 23.

NOTE XV.

So cherished still beyond the farthest TWEED,

Linger the awful forms of Celtic creed.

The truth of this illustration of the effect of local scenery is beautifully shewn by Dr. Beattie, and Dr. Drake. Concerning the superstitions, here alluded to, I cannot do better, than to refer the reader to the dissertations on this subject in the “Literary Hours” of the latter gentleman. A few quotations are subjoined to explain some of the less obvious lines.

"No country better exemplifies these observations, than Scotland, in which while a peculiar system of superstition, sublime and awful in its general texture, and strongly indicative of the country, has long reigned in the Highlands of that kingdom, in its Lowland districts a mild and more sportive vein of fabling (like the lighter Gothic) prevails, well adapted to the beautiful and pastoral scenery of that delightful region."

2 DRAKE. 209.

NOTE XVI.

Roll the grey mists along the lonely grave.

"The funeral elegy was one of the most important rites of ancient Caledonia ; and no greater misfortune could occur to a hero, than to have it omitted over his tomb : for without this sacred song his soul could claim no admission into the airy halls of his fathers, but was condemned, until this ceremony was performed, to reside amidst the mists of the Lake of Lego ;

where it was deemed the office of the spirit of the nearest relative "to the warrior's grave to roll the spirit, a grey dwelling to his ghost, until the song arise." OSSIAN'S TEMORA VII. 6. 2 DRAKE 237.

NOTE XVII.

There too in grisly state the KELPIE sits.

"That a spirit also dwells in the waters and directs their destructive fury, is an opinion coeval with the earliest records of tradition in Scotland, and still forms a part of the populace creed. This spirit is called by the vulgar the Water Wraith or Kelpie or Water Fiend. 2 DRAKE 249. Collins in his most beautiful Ode on the Superstition of the Highlands, has clothed this belief in most tremendous imagery.

NOTE XVIII.

Hence oft the Thane from Bendoran's huge brow.

An allusion is here made to the Scottish second

sight. "To this day the same credulity exists, and the mountains of Bendoran (the highest inhabited parts of Scotland) are still considered by the country, as enchanted mountains."

2 DRAKE.

NOTE XIX.

True to the site, a gentler genius reigns.

The reader is referred to the essay of Dr. Drake on the Gothic superstitions for an illustration of the subsequent lines. The light mythology of the Goths seems to vary but in small degrees from the Oriental and Arabic fictions.

NOTE XX.

Disturb the ghostly hours of HALLOWEEN.

"Halloween is thought to be a night, when witches, devils, and other mischief making beings, are all abroad on their baneful, midnight errands; partic-

ularly these aerial people, the fairies, are said on that night to hold a grand anniversary." BURN'S (ROBERT) Poem entitled "HALLOWEEN."

NOTE XXI.

Lead the wild corpse lights round the omened grave.

A short time before the death of any person, it is generally believed, that a light is seen proceeding from the house, or even from the bed, where the sick person lies, and pursues its way to the place, where the corpse is to be buried. In Wales this is called the Canwyll corph, or the corpse light. In Scotland it is thought to be some ghost. "The account given to this day among the vulgar," says Mr. Macpherson, "is very poetical. The ghost comes mounted on a meteor, and surrounds twice or thrice the place destined for the person to die; and then goes along the road, thro which the funeral is to pass, shrieking at intervals; at last the

meteor and the ghost disappear above the burial place."

2 DRAKE 234. BINGLEY'S Tour in North Wales, II.
ch. 12. COLLINS' Ode on the Superstition of the
Highlands.

NOTE XXII.

So NUMA loved the consecrated grate.

Numa, previous to his election, as king of the Romans, spent his days in the acquisition of wisdom in solitude. His recluse of life and religious gravity gave early rise to the singular fable of his intercourse with the goddess Egeria, of which he afterwards made such masterly use to give sanction to his laws and institutions. LIVY. I. 19. PLUT. NUMA.

NOTE XXIII.

The darkbrowed DRUID spelled his troubled rites.

The religion of the Druids was to the last degree

sanguinary. Human victims were offered on their polluted altars ; and their pretended prophetic powers in some instances made the engines of wanton barbarity. Yet they are said to have cherished many institutions, calculated for public happiness, and among other doctrines taught the immortality of the soul. See Cæsar's *Commen. bell. Germ.* VI. c. 13. Pliny XVI. c. 44.

NOTE XXIV.

Which thro the desert wilds ST. FRANCIS led.

The holy St. Francis of Assisi was born in the year 1182. From a most profligate life he suddenly changed to a rigid enthusiasm, and wild devotion. He retired into the forests and there remained a great while, practising those holy penances, which establish the right to canonization. In the calendar of saints the Institutor of the order of Franciscans, is no insignificant worthy.

NOTE XXV.

By passion's ties round lovelier ARMELLE twined.

Armelle Nicholas, the beautiful French enthusiast, and pattern of sanctity, was born at Campenac in the diocese of St. Malo, 1606. Her soul appears to have been formed for tenderness, and she is reported to have died of 'an excess of divine love.' The convent of Vannes in 1671 witnessed the death of this sweet saint, whose religious fervors partook all the voluptuousness of the most bewitching affection.

ZIMMERMAN ON SOLITUDE.

NOTE XXVI.

Led HINDOO's damsel to the funeral pile,

A willing victim of religious guile.

The religious writings of the Hindoos not only authorise a wife to sacrifice herself upon the funeral pyre of her husband ; but promise the devoted mar-

tyr an immediate admission into the highest joys of paradise.

NOTE XXVII.

*Cursed was that hour, when first the passions brewed,
Their cowed fiend, monastic SOLITUDE !*

The influence of monastic institutions has ever been deemed destructive of social happiness. The holy flagellations, the penant rites, and the superstitious follies even of the best among these fanatics, have given a darkness and horror to religion, which must appal the benevolent mind. But devotion was unfortunately seldom the companion of the ascetics in the latter ages. The most unnatural vices, the most debauched passions, and most profligate intercourses, disgraced the holy fathers, and stained the purity of the vestal veil.

Thomassin (tom III.) has drawn a picture of

these violations of decorum and sanctity, which must scandalize the delicacy of every christian reader.

NOTE XXVIII.

Slaughtered with CHARLES, with INNOCENT betrayed.

Charles IX. of France, the infamous perpetrator of the massacre of the Huguenots on the eve of St. Bartholomew ; and Pope Innocent III. the author of the inquisition, that terrible scourge of the human race.

NOTE XXIX.

Why pensive THOMSON wooed the willing muse.

“ The autumn was Thomson’s favorite season for poetical composition, and the deep silence of the night the time he commonly chose for study : so that he was often heard walking in his library, repeating what he was to correct or write out the next day.”

NOTE XXX.

*So GIBBON loved, retired from censure's ken,
To muse with wisdom on the deeds of men !*

This immortal historian wrote the greater part of his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" in his sweet retreat at Lausanne, in Switzerland. "It was among the ruins of the capitol," says he, "that I first conceived the idea of a work, which has amused and exercised near twenty years of my life." Gibbon's Decline, &c. XII. 432. Those, who may have curiosity to learn the gradual developement of human excellence, will read with rapture the precious life of this great man, as written by himself.

See GIBBON'S MISCELLANIES. tom. I.

NOTE XXXI.

The Northern warriors dwell in gloomy state.

"A circumstance, related by Priscus in his history of the embassy to Attila king of the Huns, gives a

striking view of the enthusiastic passion for war, which prevailed among the barbarous nations. When the entertainment, to which that fierce conqueror admitted the Roman Ambassadors, was ended, two Scythians advanced towards Attila, and recited a poem, in which they celebrated his victories, and military talents. All the Huns fixed their eyes with attention on the bards. Some seemed to be delighted with the verses ; others, remembering their own battles and exploits, exulted with joy ; while those, who were become feeble thro age, burst into tears, bewailing the decay of their vigor, and the state of inactivity, in which they were now obliged to remain."

ROBERTSON'S CHARLES V. tom. I. note III. C. sect. I.

A devotion to the female sex, bordering on enthusiasm, was a prevailing trait in the characters of the Northern nations ; and their mythologic belief was a singular mixture of ferocity and tenderness.

Q

NOTE XXXII.

While CHARLES's Minstrels raise their epic lay.

These lines refer to Mrs. Morton and Mr. Paine of Boston, Massachusetts, the former, the author of 'Otábi,' 'Beacon Hill,' and the 'Virtues of Society,' poems, which for beauty of diction and felicity of sentiment have received much applause: the latter, the author of the 'Invention of Letters,' 'The Ruling Passion,' and other micellaneous productions of high estimation for energy and elegance. 'Beacon Hill,' and the 'Invention of Letters' delineate with great eloquence, strength, and truth the prominent characteristics of Washington.

NOTE XXXIII.

He tracks with daring steps the Chamois Goat.

"Who could imagine," says Mons. Saussure, "this chase of the Chamois would be the object of a passion absolutely insurmountable. I knew a well made,

handsome man, who had married a beautiful woman ;
“ my grandfather,” said he to me, “ lost his life in the
chase : so did my father : I am persuaded, I too shall
die in the same manner : this bag, which I carry with
me, when I hunt, I call my grave clothes, for I am
sure, I shall have no other ; yet if you should offer to
make my fortune on condition of abandoning the
chase of the Chamois, I could not consent.”

VOYAGE dans les ALPES. tom. III.

NOTE XXXIV.

Here Spain's famed monarch, humbled to dust,

Pines lone and friendless in austere ST. JUST.

After Charles V. had retired to the monastery of
St. Just he became a prey to religious mortifications.
“ An illiberal and timid superstition depressed his spir-
it. He had no relish for amusements of any kind.
He endeavoured to conform in his manner of living to
all the rigor of monastic austerity. He desired no other

society, than that of monks, and was almost continually employed with them in chanting the hymns of the missal. As an expiation for his sins, he gave himself the discipline in secret with so much severity, that the whip of cords, which he employed as the instrument of his punishment, was found after his decease tinged with blood."

ROBERTSON'S CHARLES W. TOM. III. 317.

NOTE XXXV.

*Great HALLER kneels with superstitious glare,
And moody TASSO farleys with the air.*

I would refer the reader to the lives of these great men for a picture of deep melancholy and strange infatuation.

NOTE XXXVI.

*The curse of fame deserted LUCAN prove,
And GREY bewail the hour, that crowned her love.*

The ingenious author of the 'Pharsalia' lost his life in consequence of a competition in poetic powers with the vain, jealous, and sanguinary Nero.

Lady Jane Grey, whose talents deserved a better fate, was beheaded in the tower in 1554. On the day of her execution she refused to take leave of her husband from a fear, that her tenderness might overcome her fortitude. "Our separation," added she, "will be but for a moment ; we shall soon rejoin each other in a scene, where our affections will be forever united, and where death, disappointment, and misfortune can no longer disturb our felicity."

MODERN EUROPE tom. II. 346.

NOTE XXXVII.

As erst I wandered round CHAMOUNI's vale.

This romantic valley, situated at the foot of Mount Blanc, is peculiarly the region of wild imagery. At one glance the eye may behold the frozen

Glaciers, peering their heads over the clouds, finely contrasted with the sloping vales, which appear ever new and delightful. On the whole, the scenery forms an exhibition of the sublime, the picturesque, and the beautiful, beyond the utmost eloquence of description.

MOORE'S TRAVELS IN SWITZERLAND. I. 198. VOY-
AGE dans les ALPES par SAUSSURE.

NOTE XXXVIII.

Arun's fair banks with sainted OTWAY tread,

And garland laurels round young COLLINS' head.

The pathetic Otway and the tender Collins were nurtured on the banks of the Arun in Sussex.

NOTE XXXIX.

Hymning, "oh drop the briny tear with me,

"My true love sleeps beside yon willow tree.

Imitated from Chatterton's "Minstrel's Song in
Ælla."

"O ! synge untoe my roundelaie,

O ! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,

Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,

Like a reynyng ryver bee :

Mie love ys dedde,

Gone to hys deathe-bedde,

Al under the wyllowe tree."

NOTE XL.

Whence silver streams enamoured ARNO flows.

On the banks of the Arno, the Troubadours, or
Provençal poets first sung their legendary and ro-
mantic songs.

END OF THE NOTES ON THE SECOND PART.

1

FUGITIVE POEMS.

1

FUGITIVE POEMS.



MONODY.

NEAR where yon streamlet slowly finds

With pebbly noise its silver way,

And where his horn the beetle winds

To swell the dirge of closing day ;

While many a flower of earliest spring,

Round the light greensward bending creeps,

And many an insect's glossy wing

Slow circles o'er the humming steeps :



FUGITIVE POEMS.



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With pebbly noise its silver way,

And where his horn the beetle winds

To swell the dirge of closing day ;

While many a flower of earliest spring,

Round the light greensward bending creeps,

And many an insect's glossy wing

Slow circles o'er the humming steeps :

There rests the hamlet's native pride,
The fairest maid, that decked its green ;
In soul to heaven alone allied,
In form a grace, a love in mein.

Oh ! she was gentle, as the air,
Which plays on summer's tranquil breast ;
A heart so kind to every care,
Warms but the tender-turtle's nest.

Her voice was softer, than the lyre,
That steals each echo from the breeze ;
Her eye the blue with chastened fire,
That wins us, ere it seems to please.

Oft, when the wild gust shook the leaf,
Her pipe in mellow tones would pour,
So soft, so sad, its touching grief :
So soft, so sad, it swells no more !

Nor more, as wont, at vernal wake
With merry steps they dance the hays,
But sighs from every bosom break
For her, who blest their youthful days.

So, while at eve the hoary swain
Recounts the tale to infant ears,
They seek the grave of lovely JANE,
And turn their ready sports to tears.

Oft too the village nymphs repair
In dumb distress to kneel and weep,
To strew the rue and primrose there,
Or hymn her gentle sprite to sleep.

Pause then, on yonder hallowed spot,
And give her worth a parting sigh ;
So may thy grave ne'er be forgot,
When the lorn pilgrim passes by.

MONODY,

TO THE MEMORY OF EDWARD EDES, ESQ.

Who died Sept. 8, 1803.

SHALL monumental busts arise
To deck some hero's sanguine fame?
Shall trophies charm the curious eyes,
Reared but in mockery of a name?
And all this vain parade of show
Tell, that some monster lies below?

Yes, let them rise, let pensioned bards
Lament in flattery's venal lays;
Time with unaltered truth awards
The equal meed of well earned praise;

In vain shall splendid verse presume
To gild ambition's treacherous tomb ;
No bribes can bid the incense burn
Round titled frailty's wintry urn ;
Oblivion's secret canker steals
To blot the useless name, which vice reveals.

But to the good, the wise, the great,
No terror sends impending fate ;
Tho no bright star their steps attend,
No public glory crown their end,
Theirs is the fame, that charms the good,
" The still, small voice of gratitude,"
Love's sacred tear, religion's prayer,
And all that lifts the soul, and soothes despair.

Such be thy praise, lamented ones,
Dear be thy memory to the just ;

Silent in life, thy generous deeds

Embalm with fragrant sweets thy dust.

They breathe in every form confest,

They live in sorrow's grateful breast.

Friend of the poor, thy cheering voice

Could hush the trembling orphan's sigh,

Bid the faint heart with hope rejoice,

And teach the righteous, how to die :

Oft has the perished form of grief

Found in thy smiles its wished relief,

Oft bleeding misery learned to bless

The hand, that closed the wounds of deep distress.

Nor less shall friendship fondly own

The hours of bright, domestic ease,

When all the parent's virtues shone,

So mild to win, so formed to please :

No fairer boon can mortals know,

No richer blessing Heaven bestow.

And are these scenes forever fled,

Where oft my soul, with cares oppress,

Indulged the social joys, which shed

Delicious sunshine thro' the breast ?

Ah, soothing scenes ! ah, happy hours !

Swept, like a meteor, from the sky,

No more I hail your gentler powers ;

The storm has past, the ruins lie.

O'er the sad wreck' unsettled glooms prevail,

And to the startled soul unfold the painful tale.

Yet, sainted shade, tho pity mourn,

With fondest reverence o'er thy doom,

The wreaths, that shade thy honored urn,

Shall live in hope's perennial bloom ;

Silent in life, thy generous deeds

Embalm with fragrant sweets thy dust.

They breathe in every form confest,

They live in sorrow's grateful breast.

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Yet, sainted shade, tho pity mourn,

With fondest reverence o'er thy doom,

The wreaths, that shade thy honored urn,

Shall live in hope's perennial bloom ;

And while the muse her homage pays
 In humble, not unhallowed lays,
 While rapt affection loves to trace
 Each favorite look, each social grace,
 Heard from the heavens the voice of peace
 Shall bid each anxious murmuring cease,
 Blest are the dead, whose souls are pure,
 Their sufferings past, their glory sure.

MONODY,

ON THE DEATH OF MISS E. RICHARDSON.

ADIEU, gentle maid, while meek friendship deplores
 In strains of despair thine untimely decline,
 And love, as remembrance thine image restores,
 Embalms with its tears every feature divine;

Thy virtues, matured in affection and grace,
 Which charmed every care from misfortune's low breast,
 • Shall claim from the pensive a sigh, as they trace
 The sod, which embosoms a cherub so blest.

Adieu, lovely maid, oft the muse shall repair,
 O'er thy grave the wild dirges of anguish to sweep,
 To plant the fresh blossom and sprinkle it there,
 And hymn the kind spirit, that taught her to weep.

1802.

MONODY,

ON THE DEATH OF MISS M. HODGES.

SLEEP, GENTLE MAID, in pity's ear
 The fond complaint of love shall flow,
 While genius, drooping o'er thy bier,
 Sigh to the breeze his speechless woe.

Favorite of hope ! each lovely grace
 To soothe the suffering soul was thine ;
 Nor could the eye but choose to trace
 Thy mind of heaven, thy form divine :

Soft be the turf, that clothes thy breast,
 There choicest flowers their blossoms wave ;
 For thou wast spotless, as the blest,
 And thou shalt charm beyond the grave.

1803.

MONODY,

ON THE DEATH OF ISAAC STUART, ESQ.

SPIRIT of him, whose chastened soul
 Could touch each chord of pure desire,
 Whence, flown beyond the mind's control,
 Thy brilliant thought, thy Druid fire ?

Lost in thy manhood's chariest bloom,
O'er thee shall pity meekly mourn,
And many a Sylph, who haunts the gloom,
With twilight dews bespread thine urn.

Beside, thine 'airy harp' shall rest,
With wonted charms unskilled to play,
Or wildly moved in grief supprest,
Fling to the breeze its funeral lay.

Yet may the willow love to bend,
And there the gentler myrtle woo,
While softly sighs each passing friend,
"Ah! YORICK, bard of truth, adieu!"

1803.

MONODY,

TO THE MEMORY OF COL. MARSTON WATSON.

MUSE of the melancholy power,

Who lovest in wayward fits to rove,

Hymning at midnight's sullen hour

The shivering throes of hopeless love ;

Oh come ! and while the funeral lay

With heartfelt sadness swells along,

In no unhallowed mood to pay

The votive eulogy of song ;

Perchance to grace thy WATSON'S tomb

The embalming flower may spring in nature's fairest
bloom.

Ah ! what avails the manly mind,
The boasted energies of thought,
The soul, by virtue's beams refined,
Whence reason's subtler force is caught ?
Ah ! what the judgment's regal sway,
The generous sympathies of heart,
Which glow in feeling's purer day,
Beyond the aspiring reach of art ?
Since, swept by death's relentless power,
They fade in ripening life, the pageants of an hour.

No, from the unerring shafts of fate
Genius can boast no pierceless shield ;
The wise, the eloquent, the great,
To time's resistless influence yield :
But, tyrant, here thy triumph ends ;
Sublimely towering o'er the dust,
Fame thro the world exulting sends
" The sweet remembrance of the just ;"

And, graved in glory's marble page,
Their brilliant virtue lives, the grace of every age.

But, thou, whose timeless doom demands
From every eye the aching tear,
While widowed love a statue stands,
To breathe its anguish o'er thy bier ;
How shall the humbler minstrel dare
In grief's sincere, tho feeble lays,
Thy matchless powers, thy worth declare,
Which claim the noblest meed of praise ;
Ah, in the heart alone portrayed,
They bloom in speaking life, that scorns the pencil's aid.

How changed the scene, from what erewhile
With hope and rapture hailed the day ;
When friendship wore a welcome smile,
And cheerly flew the hours away :

Now silent sorrow weeping roves
Thro walks the favorite spirit blest,
And wan despair in horror loves
To woo the nightdews to her breast ;
Yet hears in every passing gale
'he knell of death resound, and tell its piteous tale.

No more a father's guardian hand
Leads the young mind to wisdom's court ;
No more his voice in accents bland
Suspends the listening infant's sport ;
For, lost to nature's tenderest ties,
Inurned in dust, the parent sleeps :
In vain invoked with bursting sighs,
He hears not, when the orphan weeps.
Yet, incense pure ! the tears of grief
hall soothe the wounded heart, and flow in sweet relief.

Dark in the memory of my years
Shall float the morn, whose lowering eye
Beheld those cheeks suffused with tears,
Whose lustre foils the dawning sky ;
Still, as returning seasons roll,
When Sirius pours his poisoned blaze,
The hymn of death shall charm my soul,
The hymn, that chaunts in mournful praise,
And oft to THEE, departed SHADE,
The hallowed requiem rise, in awful reverence paid.

ELLEN's ADIEU.

SAY, HENRY, when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not breathe one pensive sigh ?
The morning light of each new day
Say, wilt thou greet with tearful eye ?

When wealth and fame and beauty smile,
And artless youth with witching grace,
And sportive wit, and laughing wile,
Shall fascinate with dimpled face :

Will ELLEN'S form e'er then intrude ?
No charm it has, no pleasing art ;
Her only boast is rectitude,
Her only wealth a spotless heart.

Her morn of life was blithe and gay,
On wings of hope her childhood flew ;
Soon sorrow gloomed her brightest day,
And tears of early anguish drew.

Thy well formed mind could yet impart,
And teach her soul the wish to live ;
She gave to thee a broken heart,
'Twas all sad ELLEN had to give.

And now thou fliest to eastern beams,
To court the wealth, that mocks thee here,
Gay fancy lends her golden dreams,
Ambition wipes the starting tear.

ELLEN, would say, "ah doubt the scheme,
"Nor anxious grasp each gilded toy ;
"Can gold lend friendship's eye one gleam,
"Or give the mind one lasting joy?"

Ah no, she breathes the fervent prayer,
And faltering bids a sad adieu,
In every scene thou'rt still her care ;
She would, but cannot say, be true.

Yet, she will oft at night's still noon,
When fancy's visions nightly flee,
With pensive thought gaze on the moon,
And bless the beam, that smiles on thee :

And oft her minstrel's absence tell,
And hang her harp on willow high ;
Fond memory shall each care dispel,
And check the boding, anxious sigh.

ON DEATH.

IN musing mood, to care a prey,
Youth's airy visions lost in gloom,
I shuddering mark the dreary way,
Hope beckoning smiles beyond the tomb.

Then why, my heart, that wishful sigh?
Why round some well loved form entwine?
There, only there, each woe will fly ;
There, only there, can bliss be thine.

To part, what, trembler, dost thou fear ?

Say, art thou still delusion's slave ?

Shall lingering love not drop one tear,

What time thy form shall press its grave ?



EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY.

OFT has the curious minstrel sung

In many a wild untutored lay

Of dreams, that o'er his fancy hung,

What time he mourned the lingering day ;

And shall the lyre neglected sleep,

When love forbids his heart to weep ?

Ah no ! tho o'er the morn of life

The lowering clouds tempestuous form,

And with detraction's murderous strife

Ride envy, fury of the storm,

These shall not aye the soul oppress,

If friendship live, and live to bless.

Then let the pæan'd hymn aspire,

Nor longer court unholy gloom ;

Let happier music wake thy lyre,

Than haunts the precincts of the tomb.

Ill suits complaint the Muse's sway,

Her glory sheds immortal day.

What, tho thy youth unblest has known

Those thousand ills, which rend the heart,

The sneer of pride, of vice the frown,

Hope's false caress, and slander's smart ?

Unworthy thou her wreaths to bind

Could these disturb thy tranquil mind.

Say, can thy thankless soul repine,

When hope's bright influence courts thy hours ?

When pure affection's smiles are thine,

And strewed thy path with chariest flowers ?

She, thy full soul's unrivalled choice,

She breathes to thee the inspiring voice.

O ! envied lot, O ! happy state,

When souls in perfect union join,

Taste, beauty, virtue, crown thy fate,

The heart of love, the mind divine ;

Chaste, as the blameless wish of truth,

Grace wins in ' purple light ' of youth.

Forbear, fond friend, nor sketch once more

Those sacred charms, which fill my soul ;

How true I love, how fond adore,

Yields not expression's swift control :

Deep in my breast the flame shall burn,
Till friendship close my wintry urn.

Too blest, since every ardent thought
 High fancy drew in happiest mood,
Too blest, since all the Muse has taught,
 Meet in that form in conscious good ;
Too blest, in silent joy I gaze,
Yet dare not trust the voice in praise.

So good, so pure, my anxious heart
 Scarce lends one slumbering moment peace,
Lest some rude breeze a pang impart,
 Or bid the fluttering life pulse cease :
So formed for heaven, who earth may roam ?
Will heaven not call its wanderer home ?

Then spare thy zeal, nor deem it rude,
 If pours the bard no courtly lays ;

Shall passion's faltering speech intrude,
When silence looks unquestioned praise ?
The stream, whose current deepest flows,
Scarce starts the ear's profound repose.

Know then, in life's tumultuous scene,
Where'er the fates his footsteps guide,
Thy friend shall press with eye serene,
If charm at home his darling pride ;
Her magic look his soul shall cheer,
And light a smile on sorrow's tear.

O ! be his lot, the bliss supreme,
When age forbids the mind to rove,
Wrapt in affection's hallowed dream,
To own the soothing powers of love ;
Ne'er may that hope of heaven depart,
Till life's last thrill desert his heart.

TO
A FRIEND,

ON HER BIRTH DAY.

WELCOME this day ; more grateful to my soul,
Than freshening breezes to the hectic cheek
Of sickness, or the lucid stream of life
To fainting thirst ; O, welcome once again !
Let the vain bard in fiction's airy strains
Unfold mysterious tales : let him to praise
With syren flattery mark the various gods,
Who o'er thy natal day with eye benign
Indulgent paused, and hailed thee, as their own ;
Let him more studious point with curious art
The planetary powers, whose presence crowned
Thy hour of birth, and wove thy future fate.

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Indulgent paused, and hailed thee, as their own ;
Let him more studious point with curious art
The planetary powers, whose presence crowned
Thy hour of birth, and wove thy future fate.

To me no fiction comes. With tenderer joy
I hail the day, whose trembling light bewitched
Thine infant eyes in strange surprise, and shot
A nameless rapture. I the day will hail,
Which gave a mother's soul its throbbing wish,
And in a father's heart poured the full tide
Of ecstasy divine. No other gods
Watched o'er thy birth, and in their arms received
The lovelier offspring of connubial bliss.

E'en at this hour, methinks, I see their joys :
With trembling hope, with earnest gaze they bend,
And each to each unfolds the dawning grace,
The mimic features ; and, as fancy wills,
Blend each the faint resemblance, till it glows
Bright, as the living picture, bright, as truth :
Dearer the image grows, while they entranced
Essay to trace the varying lines of life,
And seize from night the mystic hues of fate ;

Unmindful, that the storm of adverse life,
The cold, dead blight of grief, the searching frost
Of harsh misfortune, might untimely rage,
And crush the opening blossom, in the shade
Its beauties hide, and, like the lifeless shrub,
In dreary solitudes neglected leave,
The sport and passion of the wintry blast :
Unmindful, that the orphan's lonely tears
Might frequent wet those cheeks, where innocence
Slept, veiled in virgin blushes, slept with love.

O ! happy they ; for in that blessed trance
They knew but pleasure : in that tranquil face
They saw but virtue, pure, as ever cheered
An angel's habitation : in that hour
They dreamed with hope, nor knew the vision vain ;
Nor knew the father parted from the child,
Ere fifteen winters swept their sullen course.

Mysterious heaven ! yet, if the souls of those,
Who dwell in virtue, who with peace and love
Smooth life's rough paths, and lend to misery's cry
An ear of grace, and dry the widow's tears ;
If to those souls, when hence removed, be given,
Clad in ethereal light, to visit here,
And hover round the precincts of the good,
Thou, sainted SPIRIT, who with fostering care
Watched o'er thy CLARA's sweet infantine hours,
And formed her soul to harmonise with truth,
Thou too shalt smile benignant, and with me
Bless this propitious day, when in thy child
Each finer lineament of soul displayed,
Each modest virtue, each attractive charm,
Which chaste refinement lends to cultured sense,
Blend in soft union, and expressive yield
A lovelier whole, which heaven might well approve.

Yet may I ask one grateful smile on me :
And if my heart deserve the sacred boon,
So pledged, so fondly claimed, as heaven's best gift ;
If e'er my heart, long torn with care and pain,
May yet indulge beneath auspicious powers
The sympathies of life : O ! teach me still,
Thro each succeeding year to own this day
With holy joy : O ! teach me, how to shield
From cankering care the cherub choice of truth,
And foster in the arms of virtuous love.
So to each other dear, as life declines,
Still hand in hand, our hopes and blessings one,
In the soft shades of fond, domestic peace
Together may we dwell : nor heed the hum
Of busy man, nor court the dangerous walks,
Where wild ambition leads her splendid train
To gorgeous ruin ; but with blameless hearts
And unpolluted hands thro every change
The virtues cherish : may no parting pain,

Till to the bourn arrived, where all must part
In the last hour. Sweet be the sleep of death,
Nor long the absence, till we meet in heaven,
To perfect there the union formed below.

ADELINE.

IN IMITATION OF LEWIS' "ALONZO AND IMOGENE."

YON desolate mansion, so drearily old,
That frowns o'er the moss-covered way,
Those ruinous turrets of Gothic-like mould
To the eye of the pilgrim right sadly unfold
Their grandeur sublime in decay.

'Strange fate hovers round the rude castle you view ;'
The hermit with horror replied :

His loose tattered mantle the wind whistled thro,
And his dark rolling eyes, as around him they flew,
Spoke a heart to distraction allied.

‘Not long since the time, modest stranger, yon dome
With frolics of revelry roared ;
The pilgrim, condemned by misfortune to roam,
Rejoiced to secure him so welcome a home,
For plenty smiled round the full board.

‘LORENZO, the lord of this ruined domain,
Was sprung from a noble old line ;
In his bosom suspicion’s dark passions held reign,
Yet he sought with the ardor of love to obtain
The gentle, the sweet ADELINE.

‘Ah, well I remember her delicate mein,
So fair, so enchanting, to view ;

In her blue eyes the languish of feeling was seen,
And the glowing carnation her lips danced between ;
Her cheeks blushed expression's rich hue.

‘ But ADELINE loved not the turbulent knight,
His manners were distant and cold ;
His dark frowning brow quenched the charm of
delight,
And his stern fiery eyes spoke the terrors of night,
As around him in fierceness they rolled.

‘ How different was he, who first won her young heart,
ALONZO, the brave chevalier ;
Whose features, unclouded by passion or art,
To the melting affection of youth could impart
The sweetness of love without fear.

‘ But the virgin was doomed by her parents to wed
The proud lord of this desolate dome :

In tears to the altar unwillingly led,
Her heart with the terrors of agony bled,
Portentous of evils to come.

‘Oft in sacred retirement her sorrows would flow,
Yet e’er to LORENZO so true,
Her sweetness concealed the keen sources of woe,
And she sought by attentions each bliss to bestow,
That nuptial love claims as its due.

‘And when he, on the wrath of brutality bent,
Her affection with hatred returned,
Methought, that a demon of hell might relent,
So piteous she looked thro a smile of content,
She looked, but in solitude mourned.

‘Scarce a twelvemonth had past, since the damsel
was wed,
And a sweet blooming cherub she bore ;

When, oh, what strange madness disorders my head,
With drops of black murder distained was her bed;
' But the damsel was heard of no more.

' It was thought, that LORENZO the foul deed had done,
For he never appeared from that hour;
And thro the whole village the sad story run,
That, when the old curfeu at midnight tolls one,
Her sprite wanders thro the black tower.

' Last night the deep tempest howled sullenly round,
And muttering the thunder pealed loud;
As I paced the dim corridor, skirting yon mound,
Methought, for the bell had tolled one o'er the ground
I saw walk the tower a bright shroud.

' I drew near, and a light moved along, as I past,
And thro the rent casement revealed

A form clad in white, but with sorrow o'ercast;
Her veil rose in flutters upborne by the blast;
'Twas ADELINE'S self it concealed.

'She vanished from sight with a dreadful intent,
But quickly returning with shrieks,
As o'er the dark window in wildness she bent,
On her bloody robe pillowed a sweet infant leant,
And tears trickled down her pale cheeks.

'Soft music now swelled on the gusts of the gale,
In terrible concord with night;
It seemed her deep sorrow in fits to bewail,
And, mingled with thunder, rung round the feared vale,
'Ah weep for the poor murdered sprite.'

'Just then, while I gazed, a lean figure stalked thro,
In its grasp a stained dagger it bore;

The lightning's quick flash round its rusty point flew,
And o'er the stern features a lurid flame threw ;
Remorse was the visage it wore.

'ADELINE started back, as she saw the form glide,
And clasped her wan babe to her breast ;
'Holy Jesus ! O save us, O save us,' she cried ;
'Holy Jesus !' in groans the deep thunder replied,
Then sunk in the midnight's dead rest.'

THE DRUID RITES.

A FRAGMENT.

HAH ! what shrieks of anguish swell,
Recreant madness stands aghast ;
Did you hear that demon's yell,
Roll on the shivering blast ?

'Twas the Druid's midnight howl
To bid the fiends of sorcery meet ;
Lo, wrapt in many a winding sheet,
With eye of wrath and withering scowl
Slowly rise they from the dead,
Each unveils his cowled head,
Muttering sounds of dark intent,
That tell the moody mind on schemes of murder bent.

Now the troubled rites begin,
Shouts that freeze the alarmed soul,
With dubious meaning peal their din ;
The Furies burst a fitful laugh,
Loud, as the tempest rocks the sky ;
Anon they seize the mystic bowl,
And holiest blood they quaff.
At length the cauldron boils, and round they fly,
Urged by no conscious will ;

The boding raven hurries by,
And all again is still.

Lo, a lovely child appears,*
Its cheeks suffused with scalding tears ;
A mother bears the fatal knife,
To yield at witchery's doom its life,
A sacrifice of eldest birth.
Can a mother urge such deeds,
To glut the Druid's savage mirth ?
Break the bondage of his spell,
Nor foul the bridal bed,
With crimes so black, as startle hell :
Monster, curses blast thy head,
He bleeds, the newborn infant bleeds !

* Human victims, particularly the first born, were offered at these polluted altars of horrible superstition.

The banquet smokes, the hags advance,
And round in wild disorder dance ;
 Their screams disturb the dead :
 Grinning now with hideous look,
In mystery's lore supremely read,
 They scan the sorcerer's Runic book :
The churchyard yawns, and many a sprite,
With hurrying step, and marble glare,
Walks the midnight's baleful air,
 While livid flames betray his flight.

Pillowed on clouds of curling fire,
The fateful sisters sail behind,
Yoked to the pinions of the shuddering wind ;
 From wormy skulls the clotted gore
With savage ecstasy they drink,
And rolling onward slowly sink ;
'Drown,' they cry, 'in blood your ire,
 'And let the orgies roar.'

The cold moon, trembling with affright,
Grows pale, and reels athwart the night ;
Convulsive Mona backward leaps,
And groans along her thousand steeps.
Once more they shout, 'to vengeance run,
'Ere morn a palsyng deed of hell is done.'

LOVER'S WHIMS.

TO A LOCK OF HAIR.

LOVELY LOCK of auburn hue,
Let me catch thy varied curls,
There the light streak wanders thro,
Here the black its polish furls :
Little trifle, arch in guesses,
Tell me, why I count thy tresses ?

Hide thee, that I cannot do ;

Lose thee ; never, never, never ;

Love thee ; as my life 'tis true,

Death alone the tie shall sever :

Absent, present, laughing, sighing,

Still I love thee ; why not dying ?

Sure some fairy sylph reclined,

Mid thy folds in ambush lies,

Weaving there the spells that blind,

Charms, and dreams, and smiles, and sighs ;

Else, why gaze I, wrapt in sadness,

On thy knots with curious madness ?

Tell the secret ; was it true,

Mantling round my favorite's cheek,

(Polished snow and roseate hue,)

While the charmer turned to speak,

Quick I stole thee unperceived,
Envy urged me, love deceived.

Stern repentance marked the hour,
Soon my joy was turned to pain ;
CUPID caught me in his power,
Sigh I now, and now complain,
Restless wander, fitful start,
Sure her blushes won my heart.

Mystic LOCK, again return,
Whence my ardent folly tore thee,
Yet I rave, despair, and burn,
Peace may come should I restore thee.
No, on subtlest mischief bent,
Thou wilt not in turn relent.

Yet I hold thee still most dear,
Lovely keepsake, bright and holy,

Thou shalt hush each throbbing fear,

Dark presage and melancholy :

While thy amulet I wear,

Who shall bid my heart despair ?

O ! be still my guardian guest,

Banish hence the fiends of glory,

Sleep upon my panting breast,

Listen to my plaintive story.

Should my charmer learn my sorrow,

She may bid me hope tomorrow.



LINES,

WRITTEN ON A HERMITAGE.

NYMPHS, who court the glowing day,

Seek with us the enchanted grove,

Where no lawless footsteps stray,

● To blight the tender flowers of love..

Here content with smiling face
Weaves the myrtle wreaths of peace ;
Nature charms with chastened grace,
Sighs of hope and anguish cease.

Hither bend your wildered feet,
Undisturbed by riot rude ;
Kindred souls delight to meet
Mid the cells of Solitude.



THE DISCONSOLATE.


I AM sad, what can now be the cause,
I complain, and I hardly know why ;
If I speak 'tis with many a pause ;
Perhaps it were best, I might die.

I was wont on the holiday eve,
To dance with the nymphs on the green ;
So blithsome, you well may believe,
No swain in the hamlet was seen.

My pipe was right merry and gay,
And the girls flocked my cottage around ;
“ Come, Harry, you’ll please us to play ;”
So I played, while they danced to the sound.

But now they all ask with a sigh,
Poor Harry, the matter pray tell,
Why your pipe hangs neglectedly by ;
I look, and my heart feels a swell.

If by chance I essay a light tune,
It dissolves e’er I carol half o’er ;
Perhaps ’tis the spell of the moon,
Which haunts me in dreams evermore.



I remember, it shone sweetly bright,

When I walked near the streamlet with JANE,

And she looked so divinely that night,

That I kissed her again and again.

What wonders are hid in a kiss,

That it links every pleasure to pain ;

For in truth I suspect it was this

First caused me to sigh and complain.

In this action so sure, as I speak,

No harm could I ever divine,

I caught a warm tear from her cheek,

And it mingled with many of mine..

Yet since that strange hour, when we meet,

JANE blushes and turns her awry ;

And my pulses with fever throbs beat,

If I catch but the glance of her eye .

If she smile, and it be not on me,
I talk, yet have nothing to say ;
For somehow it hurts me to see
Her smiles not directed my way.

When she speaks, every accent I drink,
As honey distilled from the dews !
And it may not be true, but I think,
With delight my attention she views.

Her voice is more soft, than the note,
That steals from the harp of the breeze ;
I have marked its sweet symphony float
Near the foot of her favorite trees.

Sometimes she will play a sad air,
And her lute lulls each passion to sleep ;
While she breathes the deep notes of despair,
If she look, she will see, that I weep.

They tell me, that JANE too will sigh,
They declare, she is deeply in love ;
If she loved half so earnest, as I,
Would she still my affection reprove ?

They would urge me to speak to the fair,
What I feel is beyond all complaint ;
If my passion my eyes don't declare,
I am sure, that no language can paint.

Some nymphs are more fair to the sight,
She is artless, and therefore divine ;
Her eyes with expression flash bright,
Her locks with the jetty hue shine.

Her dress is simplicity's grace,
But her sympathy won my young heart ;
In fancy her image I trace,
It only with life can depart.

Gentle maid, if some more artful swain
Should tell, what I fail to express,
His language your heart may obtain,
I am sure, he will love you much less.

Perhaps I ought not to desire,
Why you treat me so distant and cold ;
Is the youth, who can merely admire,
More favored, because he's more bold ?

Dear JANE, may you live and be blest,
With the transports, that love has in store ;
It will shed a sweet calm o'er my breast,
Tho I never shall cease to adore.

And when all the sorrows have fled,
Which fear and despondency gave,
Let one tear o'er my hillock be shed,
It will hallow the peace of the grave.

ODE,

*WRITTEN FOR THE FEMALE CHARITABLE SOCIETY AT SALEM,
AND SUNG ON THEIR ANNIVERSARY, JULY 11, 1804.*

WHEN droops the hapless child of woe,
Oppressed with want, disease, and care,
What hand shall healing balm bestow ?
What voice shall soothe the deep despair ?

When anguish wakes the widow's tear,
And rends the air the orphan's cry,
Is no protecting angel near,
To chase the gloom, and hush the sigh ?

Yes, MERCY's gentle sprite is given
To lull the throes of keen distress ;
Her voice, the music breathed from heaven,
Her smile, the ecstatic wish to bless.

She leans on pity's softened breast,
Love, hope, devotion, grace her shrine ;
But most she loves a home of rest,
Where dwell the CHARITIES divine.

To each his sufferings fate ordains,
Untimely falls the opening flower ;
O'er wit and genius ruin reigns,
They bloom, they perish in an hour.

Since all are doomed to feel the blow,
Let all indulge the social grief ;
The heart, that bleeds for human woe,
In turn shall find its kind relief.

What tho the joys of life depart,
And age and sorrow bow the soul,
These tenderer sympathies impart
A charm, that lives beyond control.

Sweet is the fame, that waits the good,
For them the sainted prayer shall rise,
The silent praise of gratitude,
The bright reward of happier skies.

JULY 11, 1804.




A CHARACTER.

SEEN in bright vision on the picturing eye,
Lo ! lovely LAURA smiles, and passes by ;
What strong dominion holds the female mind,
Where sense and sweetness blend their powers refined,
When modest truth in wit's fine polish glows,
And reason sanctions all the lips disclose.
Yet brighter merit crowns this peerless maid,
Courtèd by all, herself who courts the shade ;
While from her eyes heaven's mildest feelings speak,
No conscious triumph marks her blushing cheek ;

Artless, yet quick, she wins by native ease,
Blest in the power, with scarce the hope, to please :
In judgment clear, in conduct calmly wise,
Her flashes startle, but no victim dies ;
Too great for conquest, for deceit too pure,
Her temper mellows, what her charms secure :
Yet tho by all admired, esteemed, carest,
Scarce more in genius, than in prudence blest,
Content in nature's humbler paths to rove,
In mein a Pallas, and in heart a Love.

There are, whose beauties, lit by passion, glare
Portentous meteors in the troubled air,
Versed in deceit, who rule with high disdain,
And meanly triumph o'er the heart they gain ;
Poor is the wretch, that knows no nobler sway,
Than fools may flatter, and gallants obey :
The gentler LAURA seeks no coquet's art
To fix her empire o'er the raptured heart,



Love, feeling, nature, flow in every smile,
 Grace without trick, and pleasure without guile :
 Like some fair flower, that, sheltered from the storm,
 Expands in lucid life its modest form,
 Still, as we gaze, unnumbered beauties rise,
 New wonders brighten, and new charms surprise.



APOSTROPHE.

SPIRIT of my sainted fair,
 Come, MARIA, hither bend ;
 Soon shall cease each mortal care,
 Soon shall all my sorrows end !

Long the prey of ceaseless woe,
 Time its anguish cannot cure ;
 But this keen convulsive throe,
 Tells, I shall not long endure.

Why the halcyon hour delay,
Lingering minister of peace ;
When each grief shall melt away,
And each sigh of anguish cease ?

When my weary spirit free,
Thro the seats of joy shall rove ;
And, entranced in ecstasy,
Clasp in fond embrace my LOVE ?

Hark, her tender voice I hear,
Borne along the hollow gale ;
“ HENRY, dry thy burning tear,
“ HENRY, cease thy mournful wail.”

No ; 'twas but a fancied strain,
But my sickening heart return ;
“ Till we meet, my love, again,
HENRY must forever mourn.”

Airy sprites ! who, hovering round,
Watch the slumbers of the dead,
Guard this consecrated ground,
Where MARIA rests her head.

For, ye sprites, her soul was fair,
As the morning's sparkling dew,
Pure, as light, that kissed the air,
When creation's charms were new.

With the choicest flowers of spring,
Deck the virgin's hallowed grave,
And their sweetest fragrance wing,
O'er the greensward as they wave.

So my tears their youth shall feed,
And, when time with chilly power
Steals their bloom, my breast shall bleed,
And their rifled charms restore.

Such be yet the grateful care,
Which may sooth this aching heart.
Till in brighter realms, my FAIR,
Till we meet no more to part.

Come, MARIA, hither bend;
Come, sweet angel of the sky,
From thy seat of bliss descend,
And thy HENRY's grief shall die.

SONNET TO EVENING.

MEEK evening, wafted on thy glowing breast,
Spring's richest perfumes scent the tranquil air :
Nor vain they strive to give his spirit rest,
Who knows no solace from supreme despair.

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To me congenial swell these prospects rude,
When deepening shades embrown the dashing tide ;
For here no dark unhallowed thoughts intrude,
Where love and nature still with peace reside.

Tho she has flown to death's unthinking sleep,
Whose smile was rapture to my aching heart,
Has left her lovelorn votary to weep,
And feel an anguish, which can ne'er depart ;
Yet here, VAUCLUSE, thy bard delights to rove,
And tell his sorrows to the vocal grove.



WILLIAM AND MARY.

*A LEGENDARY TALE, IN IMITATION OF THE OLD ENGLISH
BALLAD.*

HARD is the lot of many poor,
To work and drudge the livelong day,
To weave the web, and wash the floor,
With many an aching hand and sore,
And scarcely have they time to pray.

Yet have I seen this toilsome throng
Endure, what you would weep to see ;
And yet no murmur broke their song,
Right merrily they tripped along,
For still the heart from care was free.

For shame, then hush complaint, ye great,

Who never knew the pangs of grief ;

Let me one simple tale relate,

And you may weep at partial fate,

But cannot now afford relief.

FAIR MARY GAY was scarce eighteen,

When first she graced young WILLIAM'S bed :

She was a pretty girl I ween,

And something in her eye was seen,

Which told you, she had thought and read.

Indeed she loved alone to pore

Among the books, the village had ;

And, as she turned their legends o'er,

She gathered many a tale of yore,

To make the idle rustic glad.

I well remember, all the youth

To her at every wake would run,

And buy her cakes ; for she forsooth

Did use to mingle jest with truth,

And lure to good by quaintish pun.

Perchance you ask, where she did dwell ;

Her little cot was all forlorn,

It had a little benched well,

Where MARY loved to sit and tell

Strange things, that were, ere she was born.

And thus somehow did MARY thrive ;

Her pittance true was very small ;

On sunday she could fast and live,

And oft did passing strangers give

A thankful mite to MARY's all.

Yet she was aye content and gay,
For WILLIAM he was kind and true ;
And love, we know, can charm away
The cares and troubles of the day ;
Just so poor MARY would tell you.

At length sad times of want came round,
For fortune turns, 'tis said, her wheel ;
And then so little food was found,
In MARY'S famished span of ground,
You might think, 'twere no sin to steal.

But this young couple both were bred
To love their God and pray amain ;
They said, and they had rightly read,
'Twere better far to starve in dread,
Than make God's holy word in vain.

So WILLIAM would away to war,
And this cost MARY many tears ;
She too had heard from climes afar,
That dreadful scenes await the tar,
And felt her heart subdued with fears.

But want pinched sharp, and he must go
To sell his youth for petty pay ;
Poor MARY kissed his cheek in woe,
And stammered, while her tears did flow,
' WILLIAM, remember me I pray.'

Thus parted they ; to earn her bread
This child of want did delve and spin ;
A little kerchief tied her head,
And one mean robe around her led,
And anguished was her heart within.

'Twas melting sad to hear her sing,
So doleful now she poured the strain,
This burden thro her song would ring ;
' Ah WILLIAM, WILLIAM, come and bring
' The smile, that scatters all my pain.'

So summer past ; but winter came,
The snow beat down, and whirled the breeze ;
Poor MARY could afford no flame,
And, were it only for the name,
She might in truth be said to freeze.

One night it rained, it blew right hard,
And twelve had struck the village clock ;
In those dark nights she could not card,
So MARY lay, her windows barred ;
Yet heard she many a solemn knock.

She thought at first it was the rain,
That dripped so loud upon the floor ;
But soon she heard a voice complain,
' Pray MARY wake, and chase my pain,
' Thy lover waits thee at the door.'

Quick did she rise, and quick did fly
The creaking door its hinge about ;
She strangely felt, yet knew not why,
She felt, as tho she then should die,
As WILLIAM shivering stood without.

' Ah welcome, WILLIAM,' soon she cried,
' Thy clothes are wet, thy cheeks are cold ;
' Ah very cold,' a voice replied,
' But MARY, thou shalt be my bride,
' My narrow house both us can hold.

‘ My journey has been long opprest,
‘ And perils I have undergone ;
‘ But, MARY, lay thee down to rest,
‘ And sleep upon my clay cold breast,
‘ We soon again shall be but one.’

Then, tho she thought so strange the sound,
So hollow, dismal, the reply,
That she would sometimes look around,
And feared each noise, that stirred the ground,
With WILLIAM’S wish she did comply.

So to his breast he did her fold,
And round her neck his arms entwine ;
Yet oft she said, as since she told,
‘ Sweet love, thy limbs are marble cold ;’
And he, ‘ Oh MARY, thou art mine.’

At length she sunk in deepest sleep,
And never woke, till break of day ;
Yet then she might both shake and weep,
And true, she felt some horrors creep,
For at her side no WILLIAM lay !

But MARY thought, that he might choose
To welcome all the rustics near ;
So dressed ; and still no time to lose,
Ran round to tell the curious news ;
Yet scarce she dared, opprest by fear.

She said her WILLIAM had come back,
And asked, if they had marked his tread ;
The neighbors all looked blue and black,
And cried ; ‘ Ah no, alack, alack,’
For well they knew, that he was dead.

I will not wound your gentle soul,
 To tell how MARY stood aghast ;
 Her eyeballs seemed no more to roll,
 She groaned ; and if you knew her dole,
 You well might wish, it were her last.

The neighbors say, that she must die,
 She neither eats, nor drinks, nor sleeps,
 But all the time in fits will cry,
 ' Poor WILLIAM to thy MARY fly ;'
 And then by turns she laughs and weeps.



ODE,

*WRITTEN FOR THE BOSTON FEMALE ASYLUM, AND SUNG
 AT THE ANNIVERSARY, SEPTEMBER, 1804.*

BLEST is the meekened spirit given
 To hush affliction's piercing throe ;
 Soft, as the dews distilled from heaven,
 Yet purer, than the printless snow.

Trained children are to Religion
 And blest religion's light benign,

Whose charm arrests the embryo care,
 Leads the young mind to mercy's shrine,
 And wins the infant's grateful prayer.

To save from ruin's hurrying flame,
 Or ravish from the whelming wave,
 How bright the tributary fame !
 How rich the meed, that waits the brave !

Nor shall the muse forget the power,
 Whose secret gifts, to pity paid,
 Protect the modest, opening flower,
 And shelter in its fostering shade.

Sweet Charity, thy voice divine
 Can every balm of care impart ;
 The praise of rescued want is thine,
 The incense of the feeling heart.

With thee, when hope's gay dreams have fled,
Shall memory whisper notes of peace ;
O'er death's dark courts a lustre shed,
And smooth the path to life's release.

For those, whose ears are never deaf
The cries of suffering woe to hear,
Whose hands dispense the wished relief,
Whose smiles illumine the orphan's tear ;

Not vain the promised blessings flow ;
High heaven approves the sweet employ ;
Tho here in tears of grief they sow,
Yet shall they reap immortal joy.

FINIS.

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